

DECEMBER 1906

TEN CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE



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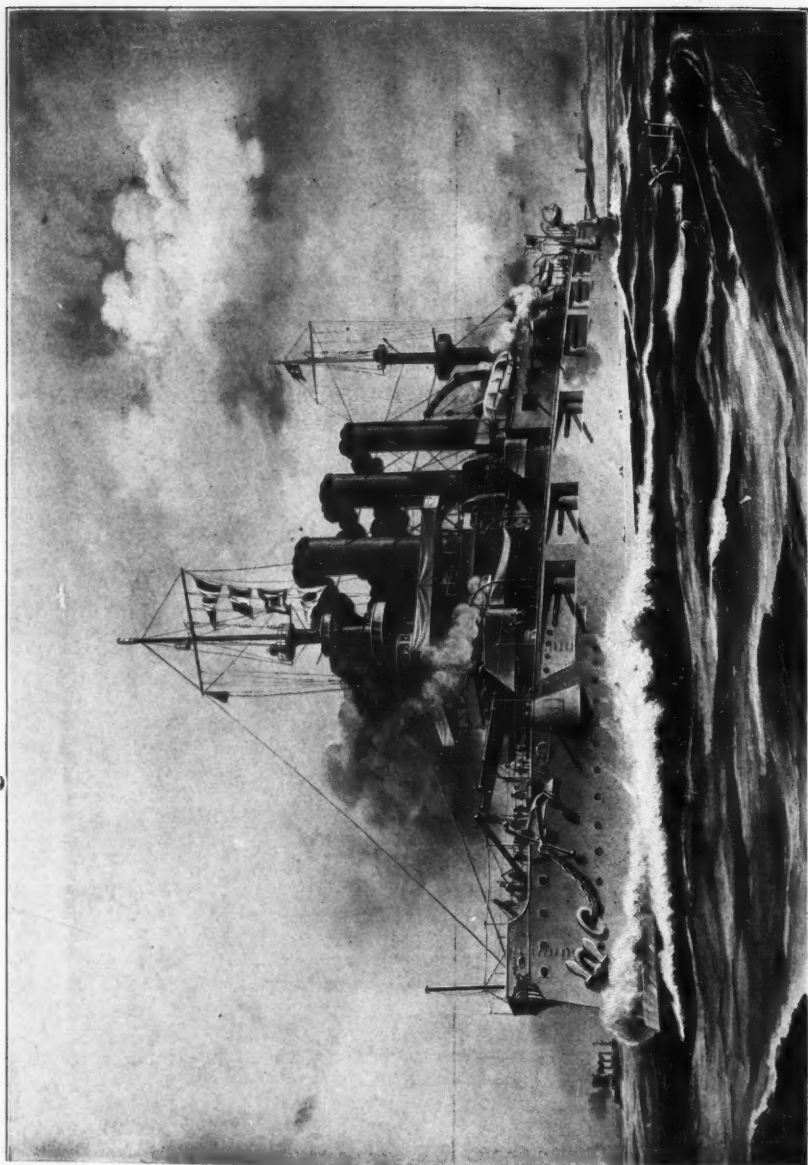
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THE SKATING SEASON
HAS OPENED



THE NEW FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "LOUISIANA," PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FLAGSHIP ON THE VOYAGE TO PANAMA

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXV

DECEMBER, 1906

NUMBER THREE



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple

IMAGINE how eyebrows would have been lifted in Washington, not so many years ago, if the notice were posted on the White House door:

CLOSED.

THE PRESIDENT HAS GONE TO PANAMA.

Theodore Roosevelt has a way of eliminating precedents and events have conspired to assist him in doing so. Right after the November elections, Washington, for the first time since the capital was established on the Potomac, will not possess the presence of the president. For once "history will not repeat itself," for the president has gone to Panama. As one cabinet officer facetiously remarked:

"He has gone on a holiday visit, and his mission is undertaken in the spirit of Christmas-tide."

It was not long ago that Uncle Sam awoke to find the Republic of Panama established, and the possibility of having a canal a reality—put into Uncle's Christmas stocking—as it were, by events. Now when the president and the congress get down to work, during the last session of the Fifty-Ninth Congress, the chief executive will know what he is talking about when he mentions Panama.

Although not from Missouri, he has the propensity of "wanting to know," and "wanting to be shown," and if he cannot be shown

he has a way of seeing for himself. One of the pre-eminent ambitions of the president is to have the Panama Canal an assured achievement chronicled as an event of his administration.

* * *

ON the first Monday after the first Tuesday in December, the president's message will be presented and it promises to be one of the most interesting state papers ever issued; its interest will not be confined to this country alone, for the problems handled in the presidential message concern not only the nation, but the world at large.

The congressional elections were certainly a handsome endorsement of the somewhat radical measures passed at the last congress, and show plainly that public opinion is closer to Congress today than ever before, and that every two years the people of America realize the opportunity to change the entire political complexion of the country on short notice. In fact, now-a-days, it is difficult to distinguish the various shades of "complexion", once so clearly marked, for the faces of the political parties seem to be blending into one general healthy tan, produced by the sun of prosperity. The people have, too, a way of "tanning" public measures and public servants that are not up to the standard desired. While in some instances this may have been carried to

* extremes, the general political complexion of the country, despite the disintegration of party lines, is, in the opinion of a dispassionate observer, most wholesome.

The state campaigns have all been tinged, more or less, with the spirit of restlessness that comes with prosperity rather than discontent, but the student of public life does not find in public sentiment today, that there is anything that portends the passionate spirit of hatred or personal ambition sometimes cloaked in the guise of "reform". Fortified with accurate information as to every possible public and private enterprise, the people have a chance to quietly think for themselves and register their conclusions at the ballot boxes.

* * *

THE congressmen are gathering at the Capitol, and are busy talking over the incidents of the campaign.

A tribute was paid to advertising as a proof of the genuineness in the investigation of adulterated food products. It was safe to assume that a pure food always appeared with the name of the manufacturer, who would be sure to place his address on the article offered to the public, if the quality was all right. The adulterated articles which have been offered for sale have usually appeared without a manufacturer's name or address, unless the maker has hidden his identity behind a fictitious appellation when he has prepared an inferior article for the dealer to offer as "just as good" as the real thing. Who can imagine choice, superfine butter without the maker's name, or baking powder or olive oil that are fit for use, largely offered by a maker who veils his identity from the public. Probably this practice of adulteration has stimulated what may be called the "package idea," and it is even being carried so far now that milk is delivered in some places in sealed jars.

Speaking of milk—I was interested in learning that preservatives in this valuable food product may be easily detected, by leaving it for twelve hours or so in a warm place, in a clear glass vessel. If the lower layer is yellow in shade, it is pretty safe to say that artificial coloring has been employed. A few hours at Professor Willey's laboratory is a liberal education.

There are many simple tests for the detection of adulteration. Boiling water poured over cream of tartar will dissolve it completely, while if lime, chalk or flour have been used in the preparation, they will remain in suspension under this simple test. Sugar and salt should be completely dissolved in cold water, and any sediment remaining denotes impurity.

By evaporating vinegar over boiling water, a residue is obtained which readily tells the character of the vinegar, whether it be pure cider or malt. In the latter vinegar—which is the cheapest kind—the residue will be very little, and that will be hard, dark in color and have little odor, but what remains of cider vinegar after the test will be soft or semi-solid and will contain numerous air bubbles.

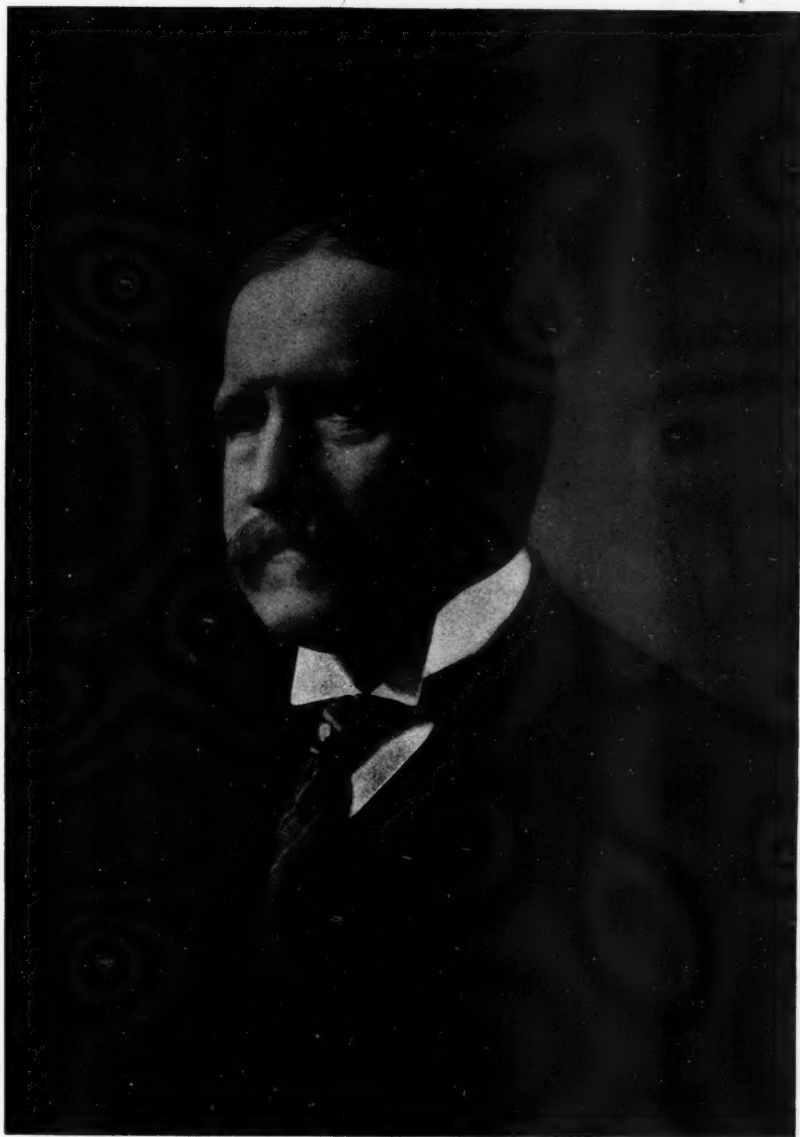
Genuine coffee will float and impart a color to the water in which it is immersed only after it has been wet for several minutes, but when chicory and other adulterants have been added, they settle to the bottom and leave brown trails of color in the water.

To detect adulteration in borax, add to a sample in a saucer one or two tablespoonsful of vinegar, and the pure borax will give no change, but if sal-soda, bicarbonate or other adulterants are contained in the sample, fizzing takes place.

I suppose I could go on with numerous other suggestions, for many are being sent to us for the Home Department, but these few examples indicate how thoroughly the subject of adulteration is being investigated in Washington. It is safe to assume in a few years that American products will jump from the lowest to the highest level, and that we shall have standard products to offer in the world markets; because there is a determination on the part of the administration to make American manufactures of as high a standard as the flag under which they are produced.

* * *

I WANT to tell you a little story about a man named Johnson. I never tire telling of the men who have succeeded against what might be called overwhelming obstacles, and in listening to the story of this South Carolina congressman, I was interested to know that he was one of the boys who once drove oxen through the streets before and after college hours, in order to help defray



SENATOR KEAN OF NEW JERSEY

his expenses at the institution of learning. The men who have achieved, are often the boys who have cut cord wood, picked cotton or done some similar labor that constitutes the basis of modern life, for the man who is

afraid of work is not the man who "gets on in the world."

It was a splendid compliment paid to the congressman from South Carolina when Senator Tillman said that he would likely be in

Congress for thirty years. Joseph T. Johnson, just plain Joe Johnson, is a name that sounds well in the South, and his established popularity as a congressman is not confined to his district in South Carolina.



CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH T. JOHNSON OF SOUTH CAROLINA

Few members of Congress have attended its sessions more faithfully than Mr. Johnson; it is said there has never been a session convened that found Joe Johnson missing from his place, which is a most unusual record in these days. He was given a handsome endorsement in his district this fall. Despite the demands of public life, Mr. Johnson remains the same conscientious, persevering, tireless worker that he has always been known to be by his friends and neighbors of the South.

Mr. Johnson is a very enthusiastic advocate of the industrial awakening of South Carolina, and in his more mature days is living up to the sturdy ideals of his young manhood.

* * *

THE popularity of Henry W. Savage's play of Sam Houston, now running in New York, calls to mind the very eloquent

speech made by Robert Minor Wallace, of Arkansas, on the occasion of the acceptance of the statues of Houston and Austin by the state of Texas. His tribute to the picturesque personality of Houston and to his "stern virtues and diversified occupations" is forceful. Mr. Wallace said, "In private life he was gentle, chivalric, and courtly. In Texas he wore buckskin breeches and a Mexican blanket, which tempted General Jackson to remark: 'There is one man at least in Texas, of whom God Almighty, and not the tailor, had the making.'"

He told of how the pioneer started on a lawyer's career in Nashville, Tennessee, later forging on to the frontier and making an immortal name as a military leader. Mr. Wallace seemed to thoroughly understand the character of Sam Houston, and grasped the fact that his powers of analysis were not confined to the court room, nor to debate; but that the same faculties were markedly apparent in all those campaigns which did so much toward the creation of



CONGRESSMAN CAMPBELL OF KANSAS

the great Lone Star State. The climax of Mr. Wallace's speech was reached when, amid hearty applause, he said:

"Oh, a mother's courage, a mother's love! They stumble not where man falls; falter

not where man fails, and over the wreck of his earthly ambitions and the night of his earthly woes, shine as a beacon of destiny, a star of inspiration and hope."

"That was the voice that haunted Sam Houston all his days, from Tohopeka to San Jacinto, where immortality crowned him as her own."

It is refreshing to go over the humdrum record of congressional debates and find these little flashes of eloquence, picturesqueness and inspiration that occur here and there, as the true story of the nation is told.

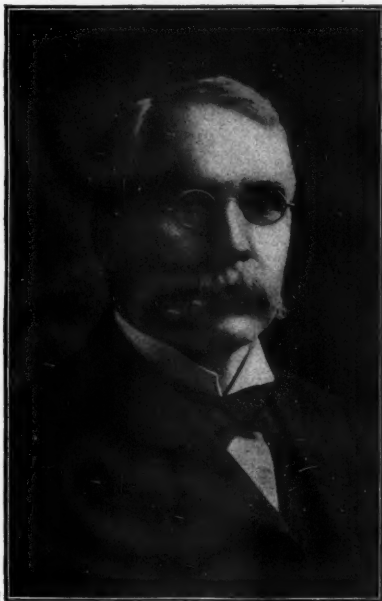
* * *

A PROMINENT English business man recently made the remark:

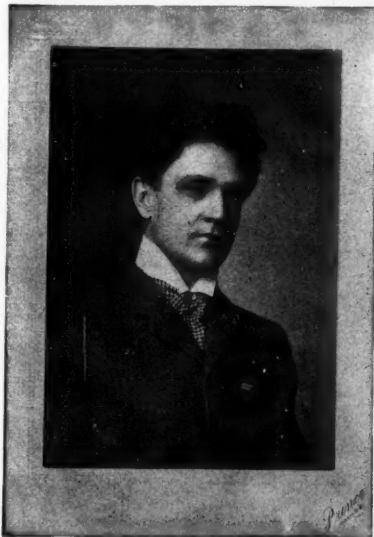
"Uncle Sam has every kind of specialist elected to Congress. Scarcely a phase of business life but is represented." He grimly added, "You have your very brilliant men represented, and you have your very foolish men, too."

Reference to specialization, calls up the

there. His long service and devotion to special subjects that have claimed his attention will bring him pre-eminently before the coming session in relation to one of the most important matters to be considered during the coming sessions.



JOHN HEWITT OF THE MIEHLE PRINTING PRESS AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY, CHICAGO



CONGRESSMAN FRED LANDISS OF INDIANA

splendid career of Charles M. Fowler, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency. Mr. Fowler has been given a handsome endorsement in his re-election in New Jersey, in spite of the political earthquake

The currency question, and the periodical stringency of the money market call for some sound legislation and a substantial manner of relief for such conditions, which shall provide currency adequate to the tremendous expansion of business. This question of increasing the currency calls for the close attention of business men, as well as students and financiers throughout the country. The banks have analyzed the statistics along this line, and these matters are adjusted and deliberated in the committee room, and all this discussion will, no doubt, crystalize in the coming sessions into banking and currency legislation which will afford relief for the present unsatisfactory conditions. To be short of money in the days of abundant prosperity and activity is an anomaly, and a state of affairs which the genius of such men as Mr. Fowler is called upon to relieve.

Mr. Fowler is one of the quiet, thoughtful men who never speak without due deliberation, and Uncle Sam's directors have no more efficient banking expert than the present chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

* * *

THIS story is related of a wealthy congressman, who had been enjoying the summer at his new country home, which possessed every modern convenience and of



MISS MARGARET SHONTZ, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT SHONTZ OF THE PANAMA COMMISSION

which he was extremely proud. He took great pleasure in showing his friends about the house and pointing out to them the stately portico, the piazza chairs of improved design, the hammocks, the push buttons that brought anything you wanted to your side without further effort on your part, the automatic lights for the gas, the hot and cold water in every room—in short, every comfort and convenience that money could provide; but his den was the place of all others in which he took most delight, and here he conducted a certain friend of his to rest in one of the

deep-seated easy chairs, with tobacco, cigars and pipes within easy reach, and holders,



MRS. THEODORA PERRY SHONTZ, WIFE OF PRESIDENT SHONTZ



MISS THEODORA SHONTZ, DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT SHONTZ

matches and everything else at hand just when needed.

"What more could the heart of man desire?" exclaimed the admiring friend.

"Ah! but the best is yet to come," replied the proud owner. "You see, I can sit right here in my chair, when I come in from my bedroom in the morning, and, if I do not feel inclined to leave the room, my bath comes in to me, filled with salt water, just as I like it."

As this was said, the friend looked up and

pushed, and since that time the congressman has had little to say about the "modern conveniences" of his new house.

* * *

AT a Gridiron banquet in Washington, I sat beside Congressman Hinshaw of Nebraska. It is surprising how much of one's biography may be learned in a few passing remarks at a dinner table. While I have



SKETCH OF THOMAS JEFFERSON, BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

smiled quizzically, inquiring whether this arrangement worked only in the morning.

"Oh, no," said the host. "It comes in any time I push this button."

"Push it now," said the visitor.

The button was pushed, the doors swung silently back, and the white, handsome bath swept majestically into the room. But in it sat the horrified lady of the house. Needless to say, the removal button was hastily

always had a great deal of admiration for the sturdy son of Nebraska, after hearing him relate his early struggles as a school teacher on the prairies of his native state, I felt that here indeed was another example of the opportunities which continue to be unveiled for the benefit of our American youth.

Mr. Hinshaw hails from the district which produced Buffalo Bill, and he told me of the history of those earlier times when the school

masters ruled with a rod on one side of the desk and a gun on the other. It was peculiarly appropriate that Mr. Hinshaw should remain one of the prominent members of the Committee on Indian Affairs, for if there is anyone who knows the real truth about these things, it is the men who have been upon the plains of Nebraska in the early days, before and during the construction of the Union Pacific.

Mr. Hinshaw was at one time superintendent of public schools, and somehow, there



CONGRESSMAN ROBERT W. WALLACE OF ARKANSAS

is a something that clings to a man in after life and shows or suggests his avocation in the more youthful and malleable period. I was not aware of the fact before talking with Mr. Hinshaw that he had followed the calling of a schoolmaster, but in his close analysis of the subject under discussion, his manner of speech, and other evidences of careful thinking, I made up my mind that here was a man who had taught the "young idea to shoot," literally as well as figuratively.

The representative from Nebraska was at one time candidate for the United States Senate, and has won in many a hard fought battle with the fusion candidate, representing a combination of Democrat and Populist.

His work on the Committee of the Merchant Marine and on the Patents Committee has utilized his methodical, logical manner of investigation.

* * *

NEW tales in the cloak room are incubating. This one got the start of the rest, told by Congressman McCleary, of how often people are puzzled as to the why and wherefore of titles. At the hotel where he was stopping there was a man called Judge, and with the natural curiosity of Americans, everybody wanted to know just why he bore that title. It was suggested that he might have been a judge at a horse race, or perhaps judge at an agricultural show. He didn't look the least bit like a judge, and they could know no peace until they found out just why he called himself so. At last, all other sources of information exhausted, the matter was referred to the colored bell-boy, who undertook to get the information.

After a time, the boy came back, silent and with a nonplussed air.

"Did you find out why he is called judge, Jerry?"

"No, ca'ant find out; didn't find out nothin'."

"But there must be *some* reason why he adopts such a title."

"Ca'ant say, sah; ca'ant say, unless," and evidently a brilliant thought had struck Jerry, the force of which held him silent.

"Unless what?" What is the reason, Jerry?"

"I don't know, sah, unless it is because he jest *is* judge."

* * *

THERE was a time when only a very small fraction of the representatives of Congress were natives of the district which they represented. In the Sixtieth Congress there will be a large representation of native sons. Among these is a bright-faced young man from Portsmouth, Ohio. Congressman Bannon, was born in the state and the district which he now ably represents. On the banks of the Ohio he watched the rise and fall of the great river, and since those early days he has been a careful observer of the rise and fall of industrial conditions in the district in which he lived. His service during the last session of Congress was such as to give him a hand-

• some endorsement in re-election. I have met few young men who were more in earnest in their desire to be of service to their constituents. Mr. Bannon has served on the Elections Committee, and the Committee on Railroads and Canals. He is a typical hustler, and he might be called a man who knows how to get around and do things.



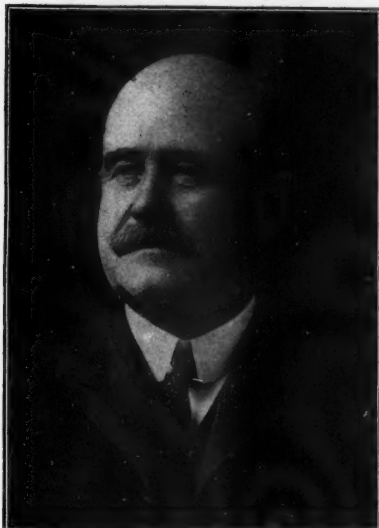
CONGRESSMAN BARTHOLDT OF MISSOURI

WHEN St. Louis is spoken of in the cloak room, in the corridors, or in the aisles of the House, one instinctively thinks of a modest gentleman known by the name of Bartholdt, who hails from that famous city. He has sometimes been confused with the Frenchman who presented the statue of Liberty to the United States, but his individuality is not easily confounded with any

other by those who have ever met him. When it comes to an all-around, good congressman, Mr. Bartholdt need not press his claims; they are self evident.

Recently, when I was in St. Louis, I discovered that Bartholdt there, at home, is just the same Bartholdt one has met in Washington. He is always the same big, broad-minded, generous-hearted man, who feels as proud of his mission as a congressman from St. Louis as if it were the highest office within the gift of the people.

He was prominently identified with the



CONGRESSMAN WILLIAM B. MCKINLEY, OF ILLINOIS

international peace conference, and he had charge of the foreign delegates during their stay in this country, during those famous deliberations.

Mr. Bartholdt was born in Germany, and came to this country as a boy. He learned the trade of a printer and was active in newspaper work, and represents a splendid type of our adopted citizens. It is not necessary to know him intimately in order to understand that he is American through and through, and yet it is beautiful to hear his tender tribute to the fatherland, of which he is justly proud.

In my pilgrimages this summer among the congressional homes, I found when I visited St. Louis, that Congressman Bartholdt has

apparently a life lease of his election as a member of Congress, as long as he continues his efficient services to the people of Missouri. It was Champ Clark who remarked that a congressman from Missouri has twice as



CONGRESSMAN HENRY W. PALMER OF PENNSYLVANIA

much responsibility as those from other districts, for he has not only to make his declaration of his principles, but has to "show" the people what he can do, for the Missourians still insist on being "shown" as in the good old days.

* * *

DINING a few days ago with a schoolmate of Secretary Taft, he told me a story in a casual way, which deserves to be recorded, of a class dinner in New York.

During his residence in the Philippines, a cablegram was sent to the secretary by his old chums, who had heard of his illness. On the occasion of the dinner this little token of remembrance was in his mind as the secretary rose to speak. He looked into the eyes of his old friends, of whom he had such pleasant and sweet recollections, and tried to find words which would express what he felt. Even his ready tongue and quick brain seemed unequal to the task of choosing adequate words, to tell of the friendship and

affection which he felt toward the classmates who had so kindly remembered him in the far away Philippines. Just as he had reached the climax—as they thought—in his effort to encompass in words all the meaning of this comradeship—one of the boys arose and waved his napkin. He knew the word his friend wanted.

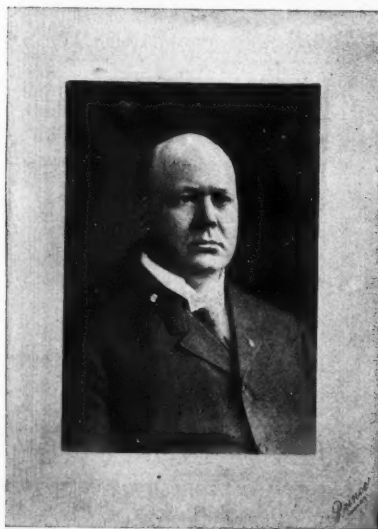
"It's love, Bill; it's love!" he cried.

And it was love—the love of early days—that beautifies even political and business struggles in our busy modern life.

* * *

SPEAKING of the secretary—then Judge Taft—I can never forget the scene I witnessed in the old cabinet room, just before he departed for the Philippines.

I was waiting outside in the anteroom to see President McKinley, for as I entered—up the steps of the White House came the burly form of the Cincinnati judge. He was ushered in, and the rest of us waited. The interview lapsed into half an hour, into an hour—the impatient waiters left one by one,



CONGRESSMAN EDWIN DENBY OF MICHIGAN

but I was determined to remain. At a late hour, after all the clerks had left, the tall judge appeared, towering over the smaller form of the president. They stood together on the red carpet, the gentle blue eyes of the president looking into the face of the man who

was being sent on an intricate mission concerning the unknown problems of the Orient. As they stood for a minute, with hands on each others shoulders—they made a picture of human affection and friendship such as I can never forget; for, in sending Judge Taft to the Philippines, President McKinley felt he was sending his friend on a more perilous mission than that of the soldiers; for the clanking sword and gorgeous epaulettes represent the martial power of the nation, whereas the emissary of peace stands for the heart and soul of America—and Judge Taft carried on his broad shoulders the good-will of the people toward their neighbors.

* * *

WHEN Congressman Henry W. Palmer of Pennsylvania confided to me, one night at a dinner at Vice President Fairbank's, that he was a Heart Throb prize winner, I immediately felt he was within the family circle of National readers, for while every congressman reads the National, he happens to be the only one who has the distinction of having secured a portion of the ten thousand dollar appropriation.

I think of all the honors that Judge Palmer has had bestowed upon him—and they are many—he takes more pride in the fact that his name occupies a place in the back pages of the Heart Throb Book, where the names of the contributors appear, than he does in any other one thing.

As one of the members of the Judiciary Committee, he enjoys the title of judge, for every member of this committee is forthwith and thereafter addressed as "judge," even if he be a minister, a doctor or a common newspaper man.

* * *

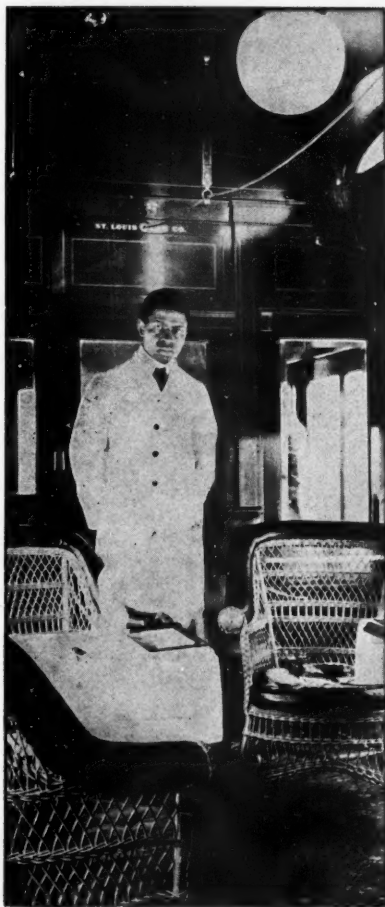
Judge Palmer is one of those delightfully pugnacious men who will fight to the last for a proposition which he believes to be right. He was a corporation attorney, and was elected in a large labor district immediately in the wake of the coal strike; in his election the people seemed to appreciate the integrity of the man as shown in serving his clients, no matter whether they happened to be large corporations or Uncle Sam's corporation of the people.

His record in Congress has proved him quite as zealous in championing the rights

of his constituents, as he ever was in protecting the rights of a corporation.

* * *

NOW that I have visited so many congressmen in their homes, I feel that I know them just a little better than ever be-



"EVERYTHING SERVED RIGHT, SAH!"

fore, and one of the most interesting courses of summer study I have ever taken up was the consideration of what each congressman is doing in his own home. In Illinois I found what the pleasant-faced, blue-eyed representative of that state does when he is at home. He bears the distinguished name of William

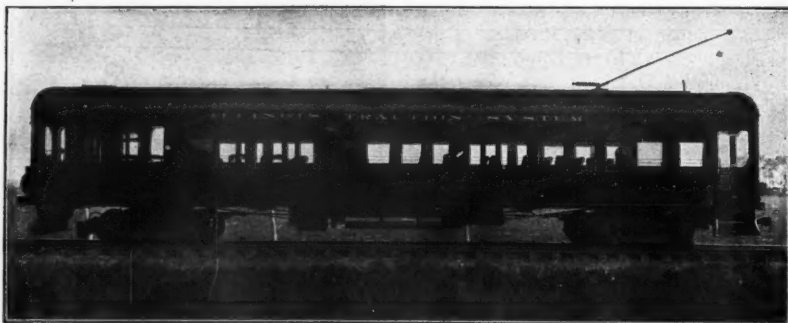
B. McKinley, and has truly earned his right to bear that illustrious name—with an additional initial. The district which he so ably represents may well be proud of a man who has created such an achievement as the Illinois Traction Company.

While in Illinois territory, I took a trip over the Illinois Traction Company's line, which Mr. McKinley projected in a modest way, some years ago. Beginning with the street car lines of Champaign, Decatur and Danville, Illinois, he pushed on until he is now at the head of one of the most complete and efficient electric systems of the country. The company will soon complete their terminals in St. Louis, and have a direct air line to Chicago.

farmers can now transport their corn and other products electrically, and standard grain and coal cars are handled by this electric road. No journey can give a more comprehensive idea of the country, for the steam cars do not offer equal advantages to the sight-seeker, who, as he speeds across the fields and almost into the dooryards of the farmers, has the feeling that he is enjoying a ride in an automobile or carriage, combined with all the comforts of swift transit and the elimination of cinders and dust. The block signal system is utilized, making travel as safe as possible.

* * *

Many isolated villages reached by this



THE PRIDE OF CENTRAL ILLINOIS

Leaving St. Louis at eight o'clock in the morning, I took the Corn Belt Limited over this line to Springfield, a distance of ninety-nine miles, which is covered in about three hours, half or quarter of an hour more than the fastest express train travels. This train consists of a handsome car, fitted up with lavatory, buffet, dining-apartment, observation and smoking rooms, and all else that travelers can desire. In fact, it might be called a "compressed tablet" of luxurious railroad traveling. The road goes through a rich corn belt of Illinois, and is managed and equipped in the same way steam roads are operated. There are very few grades, and it was thrilling to speed through fields of golden corn, only stopping at the principal cities but reaching some towns which are not tapped by any other road.

It is an interesting economic fact that the

line have awakened into new life since the electric road has come their way. What such a company means to the farmers is beginning to be apparent, for every rail of electric line had its own value revealed by the conversation of the young people in the car, who were telling of how they had attended the theater in the city and reached home—twelve miles distant—in a shorter time than people who lived within the boundaries of the city. This indicates the excellent service rendered, and brings to mind that quaint paragraph recently published—showing the passing of the country girl; for it is the country girl now who is in close touch with the real new things not so easily obtained by her isolated city cousin—who lives but a few squares away, and yet finds city advantages less accessible than they are to those districts which are covered by a reliable interurban service. Only



From photograph copyrighted 1906 by Underwood & Underwood, New York

THE LATEST PICTURE FROM THE PRESIDENT'S PALACE, HAVANA, CUBA. SECRETARY TAFT, ASSISTANT SECRETARY BACON AND GOVERNOR MAGOON. THIS PICTURE WAS MADE SHORTLY AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF MR. MAGOON, WHO SUCCEEDED SECRETARY TAFT AS GOVERNOR OF CUBA

those who have experienced it, know what it means to have a carriage ready at just such stated hours, standing at the door to convey the passenger to any desired place in the quickest possible time, and this modern carriage runs, as a rule, every half or quarter hour during the waking hours.

I made the journey with the General Superintendent, M. L. Harry, and this added much to my information in studying the equipment of the line throughout. The tracks are lined on either side with a forest of strong poles, on which are painted black signals, indicating at considerable distance the approach of a switch or curve, a method which obviates as far as possible the danger attached to passenger traffic.

The power house, located at Riverton, is one of the finest in the country. It seems impossible that out of those turbine dynamos, occupying but a few feet of space, the gigantic horse power to operate hundreds of miles of railroad is secured. Side by side with these were the old type engine-driven dynamos, mounted on heavy masonry. The enormous voltage sent out from this central station is reduced and re-transmitted at various stations along the line, so as to give the most perfect distribution of current possible.

The motor man guards the turning of the switch, and everything connected with the current, with the same eye to the record of his car that the stoker displays in watching for his coal supply, for once the car is under way, he throws off the switch and utilizes all the force possible to increase the momentum of the car, and also casts a furtive glance to see that the lights are turned on none too soon or too late, remembering the fact that five sixteen-candle-power electric lights represent one-third horse power. It costs as much to make the five lights as one-third horse power represents under the old steam engine methods, but electricity is so reduced in cost that power may now be obtained at reasonable rates for general service.

In the matter of terminals, ticket offices and all that the traveler expects in a well equipped steam railway, this road has taken pains to arrive at perfection, and it offers conveniences not possible to the train propelled by steam. For instance, it is an easy matter for the farmer whose machine breaks down in the field to stop the car, get on and go to town, ten or twelve miles away, in

almost the same time that he would need to catch and harness a horse in former days. This constant service at all hours of the day, furnishing mail and other luxuries not formerly available, is not to be over-estimated in the advancement of remote districts, and probably presents the solution for the problem of how to avoid the overcrowding of the cities.

The tremendous wealth of these broad acres of **Central** Illinois includes the corn fields and the prodigious crops reaped from them, as well as the unfailing supply from the great beds of coal.

The vice president and general manager of the Illinois Traction Company is Louis E. Fischer, of Danville, who has been connected with the company since its inception, and a brainier and more progressive man never lived. Up to this time I did not understand why the railroads gather to themselves and control the best talent of the country, but I now see that there is no other occupation which is so widely varied in its demands, and it is natural for it to draw to itself diversified talent. There are claims to be handled, expenses to be provided for, rights of way to be secured and the public to be dealt with at all times, to say nothing of individual shippers and passengers. Then there is the constant caring for the operation of the road and the handling of employes; in fact, there is scarcely a human relationship that is not touched upon in some way by the railroad system, and the same is true of a large electric, interurban corporation.

The extensions of the lines are being pushed rapidly, and it will not be long before one can take an electric car from St. Louis to Chicago, and dine on the train or rest in a sleeping car, for it is quite evident from the wonderful advancement made in electric interurban service in recent years that it will be the logical and natural adjuster of the vexed question of railroad rates. The basic rate on electric cars is two cents per mile, which makes them formidable competitors of steam at a charge of three cents. It is only a question of time when all steam roads will have their trolleys, suburban and urban, overhead—in fact, some lines are building now.

Congressman McKinley may well be congratulated upon the success of this great enterprise, which has grown from a small and unpretentious beginning to be a line of great importance.

A SMALL bearded man, full of dynamic force, Mr. Strauss is one of the new members of the cabinet. I met him many times in company with Senator Hanna, when he was actively and earnestly engaged in the work of city federation in adjusting labor troubles throughout the country. Moreover, he is the first Hebrew who has ever

man and he may also be depended upon to fully investigate the subject of emigration.

The other new member of the cabinet is Mr. George Von L. Meyer. He has made a splendid record as ambassador in Italy and at St. Petersburg, and his career in Massachusetts has done honor to the old Bay State. I remember him especially, because



SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON HIS WESTERN TOUR, AND MAYOR SHERBURN BECKER OF MILWAUKEE

THIS IS THE AUTOMOBILE IN WHICH MAYOR BECKER AND HIS SECRETARY, W. F. HOOKER, RAN FROM MILWAUKEE TO "SAGAMORE HILL" TO CALL UPON PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

been in the president's cabinet, and it is peculiarly appropriate that he should be placed in the Department of Labor and Commerce; for here he will have an opportunity to utilize his information on the subject of labor with which he has become so familiar, and of which he has made a scientific study. He is equally well versed on the subject of commerce, with which he is familiar as a practical business-

man of the kindly interest which he manifested in the early days of the National Magazine.

The coming of Mr. and Mrs. Von L. Meyer to Washington will be welcomed in diplomatic society circles, for she is noted for her receptions given both in Europe and America. Her originality in the art of entertaining, and her genial womanly courtesy and tact will add much to the gaiety of the social season.

DR. JOHN GOODFELLOW

OFFICE UP STAIRS

ROOFED o'er by the blue of the near-bending sky,
And walled in by the gray of grim mountain-peaks high,
Bryson, a mountaineers' village, stands stiff —
With its front to the highway, its back to the cliff;
A smithy it has, a postoffice, a store,
And lo! its inhabitants simple and shy
Live close to the soil — and live close to the sky.

Many long years ago — yes, fully a score,
A stairway outside of the quaint village store
Led straight to the bare dusky room just above —
Like a highroad of hope to a haven of love;
And down at the foot of that stairway there swung
A battered old sign, and this message it flung
To all who were burdened with ills or with cares:
"Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs."

"Dr. John Goodfellow!" Lowly was he —
Out at the elbow and out at the knee;
But though he was tousled and tattered and old,
His sinews were steel and his heart was pure gold.
Seldom a storm roistered by in its might
But it found him abroad on the road — day or night;
Never a tortuous trail, but it led
To some sick woman's side or some little child's bed.

"Office Up-Stairs!" Ah, that small, dusty den
Was the home of the saddest and gladdest of men!
His thoughts were his children, his wife was the Wild —
And his heart overflowed when in summer she smiled;
No gold had he gathered, no gear had he won —
His wealth was the mem'ry of noble deeds done;
But he bottled up gladness — and sold it in shares
Signed: "Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs."

He died,— as the best and the worst of us must!—
And his friends bore him out of the dusk and the dust
Of his squalid surroundings, and laid him to rest
In the lap of the Wild he had always loved best;
Then they sold at vendue, as a matter of course,
His meager effects,— his poor bony old horse,
His black saddle-bags, his few books! — to defray
The expenses incurred when they laid him away.

Gone! Gone and forgotten! Ah, no — no! Instead,
As they loved him when living, they loved him when dead;
And his grave must be marked,— though no tablet or stone
Marked a single low mound of their blood or their own.
But, untutored and crude, they were quite at a loss
How to letter his name on the rude rugged cross
At the head of his grave,— how to carve a scant line! —
Till the thought came to them of his battered old sign.

That battered old sign! Ah, they took it and nailed
It high on that cross, but they stupidly failed
To note that it served as a sign-board of love
On the road leading straight up to heaven above!
Inspired were they, but they knew it not then —
Inspired of God, those poor primitive men!
For that old sign announced: — as the Scripture declares! —
“Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs!”

So there in the heat of the midsummer noon —
And there in the chill of the midwinter moon,
Marking the foot of the Ladder of Light
That ends in the Land of Omnipotent Right,
Still swings that old sign — as in seasons of yore
It swung at the side of Jim Milliken's store;
Still offering solace and answering pray'rs:
“Dr. John Goodfellow — Office Up-Stairs!”

James Ball Naylor



A BIT OF MISTLETOE

By L. Hennion

DEAR Grandmother and the Bachelor Maid
Plans for the Christmas festivities laid.

With pencil and pad the Maid wrote them down:
Grandmother helped with a smile or a frown.

"House Decorations," the Maid gravely read;
"Grandmother, what shall we put 'neath that head?"

Then Grandmother threw her dainty work down,
Roused beyond merely the smile or the frown.

"Why, holly and trailing green things, you know;
And don't forget, child, the old mistletoe."

The Maid looked up with a glance of surprise.
"Why, Grandmother dear, I thought you too wise

"To think that that nonsense could ever be true."
Grandmother smiled. "I am older than you:

"But things of the past it is hard to forget,
And old-fashioned notions cling to me yet;

"In with the woof of the long, long ago,
I cannot but weave the old mistletoe."

"For your sake alone," the wise Maiden said,
"Mistletoe, then, we will put 'neath that head."

"Better the other way," Grandmother smiled,
"The head underneath the old mistletoe, child."

The plans, so well laid, were well carried out,
Grandmother thought, as she wandered about.

Bowers of beauty the rooms had become,
And soft-shaded candles lightened the gloom.

"The soul of an artist," Grandma said low.
"But where has she put the old mistletoe?"

Hark! on the stairway, light, airy steps fall.
Someone else hears them, below in the hall;

Someone is clasping a Maiden, and lo!
Over their heads hangs the old mistletoe.

HALF AND HALF

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "Islands of Tranquil Delight," etc.
CONGRESS SPRING, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

AFTER the eating of a plum pudding that looked like a ball of blue-blazes and smelt delightfully, they all went to the pantomime with the very queen of landladies, who chaperoned her princess of a daughter; and when they were safe home again, the company sat down to cold slices of that self-same pudding and ate heartily—not that there was the slightest excuse for so doing; but, you see, it was Christmas, and there was much to talk of, and somehow it seemed more like Christmas to talk with one's mouth full of pudding and plums, and harlequins and columbines, and sprites and fairies; and of numerous theatrical adventures, as just witnessed by the ladies in question, together with their escorts and boarders and lodgers and humble servants, Messrs. Tom, Dick and Harry.

You see they were three chums, Messrs. Tom, Dick and Harry, occupying chambers that opened into each other through doors that were never known to be shut. The landlady used to say, that if she knocked at Tom's door, she was sure to be answered from the window in Dick's room, where Tom and Dick were on the lookout for the arrival of Harry, who was, of course, overdue; he being the slowest of the three fellows, who were, to be sure, a trifle fast. And, later, if she rapped at Harry's door, she was answered by a chorus of three, who were celebrating Hal's arrival at Tom's sideboard; and that was the way Tom, Dick and Harry passed their off hours, when the stupid business streets were deserted and there was nothing left for them to do but be perfectly jolly.

As Christmas drew on apace, the three chums had the greatest difficulty in keeping the secret of their gifts to themselves. Tom told Dick what he was intending to bestow upon Harry as a holiday token of his love; Harry divulged to Tom the mystery that was

to be a surprise to Dick; while Dick and Harry left Tom in profound ignorance of a joy that was in store for him; thus they each managed to puzzle one another to such an extent that it made all three of them supremely happy. There was a girl in the case; there always is a girl in the case; how could there be a case worth mentioning unless there was a girl in it?

Rosebud wasn't her name at all, but T. D. and H. used to call her Rosebud and take turns in loving her a little better than anyone else they knew of. Rosebud was as pretty as she was useful, and seemed more like a sister than anything else in the house: she tidied the three rooms when Tom, Dick and Harry were busy in their several offices, and there was an unanimous vote of thanks passed immediately upon the return of the young gentlemen, and a great many complimentary allusions were made to her during the evenings, the very whisper of which should have caused the ears of Miss Rosebud to tingle deliciously—as no doubt they did. Such was the fate of the landlady's pretty daughter!

Tom admired Rosebud for her good heart and her amiable disposition; he was as happy as possible when she found time to talk to him; and the two other fellows noticed a finer moral tone in his conversation, and more gentleness of manner in Tom whenever he rejoined them after one of those private interviews.

Dick thought Rosebud the most useful little body it had as yet been his good fortune to fall in with; she was ever ready to repair his bursted gloves, or to embroider a neat monogram in the triangle of his handkerchief. Once, when he was ill, she served him with cups of tea and delicate slices of beautifully browned toast, made with her own little hands; she trotted about all day

and seemed never to get tired; and then she was so useful and convenient that Dick began to think she had been sent by some ministering spirit into his life and that they were affinities; he wanted everything done for him, and she wanted to do everything for somebody, so it naturally seemed that the two were born for one another—they must be affinities! how could it be otherwise?

Harry was more self-reliant than either of his friends; and he was slower of purpose and surer of heart; he had to get up steam gradually and little by little make headway, at first; but once started, he was as certain as sunrise, and there was really no resisting him.

It was Christmas night, after the pantomime; Tom, Dick and Harry sat nibbling at cold slices of plum pudding, talking of the pantomime they had enjoyed that evening and thinking of Rosebud. Rosebud's mamma, a very Christmas-like landlady—albeit she was a little sleepy—presided at the head of the table, for propriety's sake; she looked the picture of a dear, delightful pudding, with two large plums for eyes; there were unctuous wrinkles under her chin, as if the pudding bag had been tied there and left an indelible impress; then her little round mouth suggested a wee rupture in the richest and plumpest of puddings, and all over her good-natured face there was a kind of spirituous and sauce-like glow.

Rosebud's mamma thought cold pudding not wholly satisfying, she therefore mixed a savory cup that passed merrily around the circle, and five glib tongues wagged almost incessantly in that cozy supper room back of the chambers.

I believe the whole of the pantomime the pleasure-party had just witnessed was rehearsed, with more or less detail, at least three times before it grew at all tedious to listeners or narrators. Young Harlequin was made to go over his steep and thorny path of love in a very picturesque and delightful manner. Columbine danced again and again in the graphic verbal descriptions of Tom, Dick and Harry to say nothing of their occasional amateur terpsichorial efforts—due possibly to the liberal libations of the hostess and her daughter. Rosebud's mamma had a good word to say for the juvenile Frog of the pantomime who nearly swallowed a man—but not quite. As for the Rose that all were

praising, though but a bud, she was as good to one friend as another, so that you could not have possibly told which one she liked best.

Well! They sat there until it was evident that no long-lost son could return from the stormy seas, in the manner of the long-loved Christmas story, with a proudly beating heart and several chests filled with fabrics of priceless value. It was also too late for any good fairy, disguised as a witch, to knock at the door and announce glad tidings—because it was getting on toward daybreak and all of these pleasant things belong to the midnight hour and follow in its track. So they refilled their beakers for the last time and said "Good Night" and "Merry Christmas" very frequently—in fact quite as frequently as was unnecessary—and then the young fellows meandered away to their chambers, locked fondly arm-in-arm.

I never knew exactly how they got to bed for they seemed rather indifferent to circumstances; but God is good, and Mother Nature is His housewife; so they all slept suddenly and heavily and heartily, and they all dreamed dreams; but it is Hal's dream that should interest us most, and this is what he dreamed:—

He was instantly and in the most miraculous manner transformed into a Harlequin, with a charming suit of skin-tight garments, in pattern much like a crazy-quilt. Rosebud was Columbine, and seemed to have suddenly blossomed into a white rose, bedewed with star-like spangles. Who should be Clown and Pantaloon, but the undeniable Dick and the unmistakable Tom.

At this discovery, Harlequin Harry became greatly agitated—to the moan of ominous music in the orchestra—indeed, he was quite at a loss what to do next. Discovering his confusion, Clown and Pantaloon suddenly seized him, and with surprising dexterity made him fast to an enormous pasteboard rock at the rear of the stage; there he was doomed to witness the despair of Columbine, who was evidently nauseated by the unwelcome attentions, not to say amorous devotion, of Clown and Pantaloon. She had all the while secretly loved Harlequin, as anyone could plainly see with half an eye. O! the utter blindness of love before it gets its eyes open!

Now, it seems, that Clown loved Columbine

for her domestic accomplishments; and Pantaloon for her amiability and beauty and the other delicate traits, peculiarly feminine—some of which seem to be quite out of fashion in these sad days. Neither would yield her to the other, and thus it became necessary to divide her and let each one take his half—which was the better-half, I wonder?—and depart in peace. At that most opportune moment a gorgeous cloud descended upon the stage and, lo! Solomon in all his glory, who had arrived in his air-ship, stepped majestically forth and with one stroke of his jewelled scimiter, he instantly and without pain, smote Columbine in twain at the waist; he politely handed the head and shoulders to Pantaloon, the arms and legs to Clown; the glow of wisdom suffused his radiant countenance and a smile of entire satisfaction wreathed his venerable Old-Testament features, and tripping lightly into his golden chariot of clouds, he was hauled up into his canvas heaven forever.

Pantaloon at once had Columbine's torso beautifully mounted upon a pedestal of a convenient height, with castors, so that he could push her along with him, when e'er they took their walks abroad; he could also shift her about so that she might enjoy an occasional change of scene. All this happened in an instant, for it was in the pantomime, you know, where every unexpected thing happens in the most surprising manner. Thereupon, Pantaloon began to hold charming and instructive conversation with her, and of a very familiar nature, too, right before the face and eyes of Harlequin, who, being wrought in the extreme, wept aloud and in his agony shook the pasteboard rocks like a young earthquake. Clown had a neat little table-top, with a cabinet at the far-side of it, riveted to the waist of his half of Columbine. Her front leaf was down like an apron, and she at once began pirouetting about the stage in the most cheerful manner; having two small knotholes in the upper part of the cabinet for eyes, there was no fear of her bumping into anything and upsetting the dishes, while she was actively engaged in the "Ballet of Domestic Economy."

No words can do justice to the torture of mind and heart to which Harlequin was subjected in this saddest hour. He was chained to Caucasus, as it were, with the vultures preying upon his liver! To his horror, he

realized how sad a case it was. Had Clown won the whole of Columbine, he would have had no need of her pretty head and face and all the graceful curves of her tender and supple body, or her warm, trusting heart; he needed only a couple of willing hands and two tireless feet, ever ready to supply his many wants. In fact, he had all that was necessary for his comfort and satisfaction, and he at once began the new life—shall I call it the simple life?

He ordered dinner for one, and away went the dainty walking-machine, without a word, as willing as a bride; back she came in a moment with a tablecloth spread over her lap—I mean her leaf. There was a bowl of bouillon, a broiled bird with sauce and entrees. There was marmalade and sweets upon the shelves of the cabinet, and a cup of fragrant tea as hot as hot could be; thereupon Clown began eating as heartily as a man who is just married can eat.

Harlequin watched this exhibition of human depravity while great, honest, pitiful tears stood in his eyes, for they saw a vision of the future that well nigh broke his heart. In his mind's eye, which was also tearful—you know it is written even the heart hath its tears—he saw the thankless clown, mindful only of his own comfort, waxing fatter and more selfish year by year; he saw poor, dear Columbine growing rusty and decrepit in his service; her leaf warped, her shelves stained, her varnish considerably defaced; she could scarcely see out of her two little knothole eyes; and she was sometimes caught running into something and slopping over and spilling things off herself; or, perhaps, she backed up into a corner, when no one was looking, and tipped over against the wall, as though her days were numbered, and then she wished she were dead.

What joy could she look forward to in the hereafter? There is no paradise for second-hand furniture; she seemed thoroughly to realize that; you couldn't help seeing it in the hopeless expression of her legs; they were growing loose at the joints and seemed inclined to straddle awkwardly; she was beginning to let her leaf dangle in a pathetic way, as if a hinge were loosened—a thing she would not have been caught doing for worlds in the month of her honeymoon. No wonder; she was going all to pieces, just as if she didn't care to be useful any longer. She felt that when her hour came—when all

of a sudden, perhaps on some bright day, her leaf should drop off, or a leg snap in two, or wrench itself out of its socket, and she fall to the floor all of a heap, dishes, dinner and everything—she felt that then she should pass quietly away and go to some sort of purgatory; a cheap one, probably, where she could be nothing but a wingless and harpless and crownless, anatomical angel through all eternity. O! she was sorry enough and it wasn't her fault at all. By this time Clown had finished eating and Columbine had fled to her kitchen, which was also her boudoir, and having rid herself of the *debris* of the banquet, as speedily and conveniently as possible—by merely making a low bow and letting things slide—she returned again to await any further orders from her lord and master.

"Ah! cried Harry in his own natural voice, forgetting for the moment that he was Harlequin, "Ah!" cried he; "and this is to be the fate of Dick's half of Rosebud!" and after his prophetic vision of the possible future Hal actually hated Dick—a thing he had always believed himself incapable of doing.

Then Harlequin turned to Pantaloon, who was still holding sweet converse with his half of Columbine; they were happy enough for the time being, but love-making and nothing but love-making, soon grows monotonous. By and by Columbine began to feel the pangs of hunger, and she delicately suggested that something in the line of light refreshments would be most acceptable. Pantaloon was by no means practical; he had laid in no store for the winter of his discontent, which was sure to follow the summer of his love; nothing but warmth and artificial warmth at that, could save him after the fire in his heart had abated. Columbine would have saved herself, and Pantaloon also, had he not permitted her more useful members to be taken from her; in truth, he objected to her coming down from the beautiful and highly ornamental pedestal where he had enthroned her, and the consequences were direful to a degree.

The prognosticating Harlequin again cast his sorrowful eyes into the future, and saw stark poverty staring that unlucky couple in the face. Unfed, unclad, unloved, the little housewife died a spiritual death, and, before the remains could be decently interred, Pantaloon slunk away into obscurity and was

lost to view. There were a few ominous flashes of red fire in the wings at the side of the stage, and several small devils, looking very much like brownies, with bat's wings under their arms, played leap-frog for some moments and then vanished in the wake of Pantaloon. So the end of that domestic episode was come in very truth.

Then Harlequin arose in his wrath; he was now driven to frenzy; and, bursting his chains asunder, he again and again called upon Solomon to come down out of his mighty cloud and mend the idol of his heart. But Solomon was a wise man; much too wise a man to attempt to undo any thing he had done, albeit the result of his act was dreadful in the extreme and not at all what he had expected; for he knew well enough he would at once have lost his reputation for wisdom had he acknowledged his mistake and attempted to mend matters and things.

Harlequin, no longer able to endure his tribulation, seized his wand—it was like a thin slice of a barber's pole—and seizing Clown and Pantaloon by their loose garments, paddled them lustily until the rafters rang again and the dense and delighted audience rent the air with tumultuous applause; then gathering the fragments of his loved one in his arms, he bore them up a rose-colored height and entered the realms of bliss quite out of breath. Above him there was an azure firmament fretted with golden stars; and every conceivable delight in the shape of large gauze flowers with no perceptible perfume; limelights shining forever with blinding brilliancy, and a great multitude of padded fairies with unenviable dispositions, for they, also, were underfed and sat up very late o' nights on shockingly small salaries.

At that moment came a dreadful crash that woke Harry from his dream; it proved to be the loud knocking of the Christmas landlady at his door; she was announcing with some concern the exceeding lateness of the hour, Tom, Dick and Harry arose and went forth to the duties of the day; they felt not over well. Hal looked dark-browed and suspicious; he had not yet recovered from the bad effects of his dream. Poor Tom and Dick seemed to have something upon their minds; could it be that they too had been dreaming, and that they had all dreamed the same dream? A crisis was evidently approaching, and each seemed anxious to con-

fide something of importance to the other, but none knew just how to begin.

Well, Tom told Dick that he was quite miserable, and had an important something on his mind; Dick advised Tom to at once seek Harry and find relief, for Harry, of all men, was best able to comfort and advise in all serious cases. Tom, having poured into Hal's ear the story of his love—how Rosebud was the one girl in all the world for him—was quite overcome, and withdrew to the sideboard for that soothing anodyne that comforts, temporarily at least, a troubled heart. Then followed Dick, who repeated the self-same tale, but left Tom out of the plot, calmly stepping into Tom's shoes, as it were; they seemed to fit him as well as they did Tom—at least he apparently thought so, as he joined Tom in the liquification of his infatuation.

It was mighty hard on Hal. He not only had his own passion to conquer—his bosom was on fire with love for her—but he must needs have heaped upon him the combined emotions of his two friends—dearer to him than brothers—and must console them in their sorrows. The memory of that dream still haunted him; he needed no Joseph, come out of Egypt, to interpret its awful significance. Were his own happiness alone in question, he felt that he might, in time, learn to endure it; and so he would almost willingly sacrifice his hope of bliss for the sake of either of the dear fellows who had confided in him and appealed to him for advice; he would yield to them and go his lonely way with a dead heart but a clean conscience. But Rosebud must not be sacrificed, either to the selfishness of the one or the improvidence of the other. He would save her this martyrdom; yes, by heaven! he would spare her this—even if he had to marry her himself! After all, why not save her in spite of everything, including his sense of honor? Or, better still, perhaps, why not lay the case before her, each arguing for himself in turn, and leave the verdict to Rosebud?

This plan was no sooner suggested than unanimously adopted. Tom, Dick and Harry seated themselves on three chairs, facing the sofa in Hal's chamber. Enter Rosebud, the incarnation of a living blush. Enter Christmas landlady, looking good enough to eat.

Dick opened the argument. He loved Rosebud because she had done so much for

him; he felt that he was not half the man without her, that he was when basking in her smiles. For his sake, inasmuch as his salvation depended entirely upon her prompt acceptance of his hand and heart, he thought she should be his. Rosebud glanced tenderly and pityingly at poor Dick as he sat down with a look of confidence and self-satisfaction on his beaming countenance, that, to say the least, was provoking and premature. Tom worshipped her for herself alone. This he re-iterated with his hand upon his heart—one of them, the other in its embarrassment had sought shelter in his trousers pocket. He would make a queen of his Rosebud—"Queen Rose in a rosebud garden of girls," he might have added, but he didn't. He casually referred, in his picture of their future, to carriages, and liveried servants; artistic receptions, also; likewise summer resorts, a yacht, Europe, etc. Tom subsided. Rosebud's eyes were half-filled with tears, but whether of joy or sorrow I know not.

Then Harry stepped forward to make his plea. His face was a study; for once in his life he was weighing and measuring his bosom friends with a sternly critical eye. Tom and Dick changed color; they had expected nothing of this kind from the lips of one whom they had grown to look upon as the most loveable of created Harrys. To save himself from the reproaches that were evidently lying in wait for him, he related with no little dramatic effect the nightmare that galloped after the midnight supper of plum pudding and something to wash it down. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of!" said Hal, while he sawed the air and swung to and fro as one inspired, and scarcely able to avoid rising upon the tips of his toes at every particular climax, surprising himself as much as it did anyone else present; indeed, he was delighting himself with the sound of his own voice, and was as bold as a criminal lawyer. It was evident to himself that he was almost irresistible, and therefore he spoke longer than he had at first intended, as irresistible speakers are very apt to do for the sake of the fine feeling with which their bosoms are infused during their unaccustomed flights of oratory.

All this time the Christmas landlady was gleaming and glowing as if her swelling cheeks had just been inundated with the richest of

saucers; while those plum-like eyes of hers seemed likely to pop out of her pudding-face at the very first opportunity.

Then the meeting adjourned, and the verdict was not to be rendered until a later date. Meanwhile, Tom, perfidious Tom, entered into a conspiracy with the landlady, and at a moment, when least expected, he proposed out and out to Rosebud, while kneeling at her feet in old-fashioned, true-lover style. When he returned to his chamber with a cheerful and benevolent cast of countenance, Dick and Harry felt just a little bit like companions in misery; but Tom whispered a word in Dick's ear that sent him flying to Rosebud, who was tatting like a dear little thing as she sat by the window in the landlady's parlor. Tom's face was blank, and Hal looked puzzled until Dick returned, apparently quite virtuous and happy. Dick nodded at Tom, whereupon both the boys seized Hal by the hand and, in a kind of impromptu duet, they wished him all the happiness in the world with his rosiest of Rosebuds; the fact is Hal's eloquence was so convincing, they had both been led to see the error of their ways and each had said the best of good words for him to Rosebud—even pleading his case with her, and so Hal won the much-coveted prize without having the bother of popping the question at all. They assured him over and over again, with heartfelt emotion, that to no other bridegroom under heaven would they willingly have entrusted so precious a bride; whereupon, they sought the sideboard with

wild enthusiasm, feeling an almost irresistible desire to hug everybody in creation. So Hal married Rosebud to the joy of the whole house, and nothing happened after that but congratulations, mingled with a shower of old shoes and a tornado of rice.

Dick never married. He thought it safer to live by himself; and so he lived, until Tom one day discovered a treasure, and secured it. Then Dick, like a good fellow, went to end his days with Tom and his wife, and he proved to be just matter-of-fact enough to strike a balance in the domestic circle, and it never once got out of shape; so they lived happily ever after.

Tom wrote Hal a long letter all about domestic felicity, and declared in several places that he was very very happy, in fact, much happier than he deserved to be; and that as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Hal would call on Mr. and Mrs. Tom, Mr. Tom would take the greatest pleasure in introducing a perfect little fairy with a face like a cameo, and who, to tell the whole truth, could be none other than the veritable Mrs. Tom herself.

Rosebud's mother grew more and more puddingish, until at last, like a real good mother-in-law, she actually died of richness. So, on the whole, the amount of joy that came of that Christmas pudding was only equalled by the amount of misery everybody escaped, by doing just exactly as he did or she did; and I believe the whole of it may be credited to the eating of that particular pudding, and the eating of it cold, in slices, and the pantomime, all of a Christmas night.

IMPARADISED

GOD'S angels sing and stun my ears,
God's angels shine and blind my sight.
Ah, wife, to hear your human voice,
And kiss your lips by candlelight!

God's amaranth is 'neath my feet,
God's asphodels are round my knees.
But oh, to see the grass of earth,
The daisies dapping in the breeze!

Yet heaven's ways are passing fair,
Its roads are beautiful and white.
I walk them and forget the earth,
The little roads of green delight.

Honora down on earth alone,
I cannot, cannot go to thee—
Alanna, bring the child in arms:
Come up the white, white roads to me!

Edward Wilbur Mason

A CHRISTMAS ROUNDUP

By Catherine Frances Cavanagh

GRIM, gray and as inhospitable as the November twilight which had fallen about it, stood the home of the Verdant Valley Volunteer, so christened because it was the weekly paper of Verdant Valley, and as its humorous owner and editor had informed his friends back East, because it often volunteered information for which it was neither thanked nor paid.

On this particular evening—the Saturday after Thanksgiving Day—the editor sat at his desk, his feet upon it, adding fresh scars to the already battered headquarters of news, his latest issue in his hands. Gathered 'round the red-bellied "Morning Glory" stove was a circle of his friends and acquaintances, composed for the most part of young men who had ridden in from the neighboring ranches for the week's news. They were reading it now, occasionally with comments uncomplimentary either to a party mentioned in "Concerns of Our County," or to the editor for his opinions expressed editorially under the heading—"Verdant Valley Volleys."

"What rot!" growled a stout, well-built blonde, from the point of preference directly in front of the open door of the "Morning Glory," as he slapped a certain item on the sheet before him with the back of his hand. "Listen, fellows, this is what Editor Layton says of me. Wouldn't it jar you! It's under the head of 'purely personal,' and you can bet he gets too darn personal at times—"

"Tommy Pratt, but four months removed from the flesh-pots of Princeton to the bean-pots of Bears Ridge ranch, spent a most delightful Thanksgiving Eve and Day communing with Nature, tramping over the encompassing mountains in this vicinity. There are times when Tommy makes us believe that he was a horse-thief in his previous existence and went to heaven by way of the halter; so adverse he seems to making use of that noble beast, the horse. How about it, Tommy?" Tommy paused, and the other young men

gave a wild yell, as they echoed, "How about it, Tommy?"

"How about it, you seasoned centaurs," replied Tommy, falling into the style beloved by the country newspaper—"well, in the first place, I didn't happen to be born either a Virginian or a jockey, and in my youth had no particular predilection for horseback riding. Before coming out to the happy hunting grounds of the greasy grangers, I took kindly to the rubber-tired, gasoline-fed method of transportation, when I wasn't using Shank's mare and—"

"Got that much of this news item down?" interrupted a thin, bronzed young fellow, turning in the direction of Editor Layton.

"No, Erb, I'm waiting until he finishes. Until he does, I cannot decide whether the item belongs in the sporting column or the society column."

"Or in 'purely personal,' suggested Ralph Berkley, who had been hit when Tommy made reference to the horse-loving Virginians. "If you want an item for that column anent Tommy, Layton, you might say that since your latest issue—"

"Thanks, glad you didn't say *last* issue, as some folks are fond of doing to remind me of my shaky condition," said Layton.

"Oh, I choose my words carefully, even if I am not from Boston," said Berkley, with top-lofty pride, giving a wink in the direction of another young man, who had long ago dropped the country sheet and was lost in the depths of the October Arena. "How about it, Old Harvard?"

As if he were addressed by his Christian name, the reader of the Arena, who long ago had been dubbed "Old Harvard," because of his constant devotion and persistent reference to his Alma Mater, looked up and replied,

"I never did believe that one should change his grammar because he has changed his environments, or his occupation—"

"Is that so?" snorted old Bill Darney, the

dean of the ranchers. "Well, I tell you kid, you'll change your tune if you remain out here very long. You'll find, pretty darn quick, that some words you used in Boston have no meaning out here, and some words totally needful for your projection out here, would land you in jail in your dainty, old-maidish Boston."

"For instance," said Erb, with a drawl, "you wouldn't dare say, 'Damn Thanksgiving,' in Boston!"

"I should hope not," replied Old Harvard, "I wouldn't damn anything in Boston, especially Thanksgiving, that sacred, New England institution. Now, as for the manner in which Thanksgiving, and all other holidays and holy days, are celebrated out here, I think they merit my damning them—a little—out here!"

At this bold statement, a wild yell came from the others, who, as if on drill, arose to their feet, waved their arms and gave forth that vigorous approval well known to all collegians in America, and sung to the tune of "My Country 'Tis of Thee"—

*"So say we all of us! So say we all of us!
So say we all."*

When they were seated again, Tommy became confidential.

"I guess you fellows don't blame another fellow for walking like a sawduster on a thousand dollar wager on Thanksgiving Eve, and all day Thanksgiving, just to shake off thinking of the good old times he used to have on such days back home. Think of the masked balls on Thanksgiving Eve—think of the games on Thanksgiving Day—think of the dinner—think of the dear, sweet girls—"

"Ah, shut up!" came a protesting howl from the editor, Berkley and Erb, collegians all, and keen on remembering the good days back East; days when the West seemed to promise them wealth, which, Chinese-like, they were to hoard and then go back East to spend.

*"'Tis truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things!"*

fervently quoted "Old Harvard."

"Ah, and you shut up!" wailed Erb. "How do you know but that *she* used to quote that to us?"

"What! to all of you? the fickle filly!"

exclaimed old Bill, who was enjoying the boy's play.

"No, to each one of us his own sweet girl may have said it," explained Erb seriously.

"Then," went on Old Harvard,

*"Drug thy memory, lest thou learn it,
Lest thou put it to the proof,
In the dead, unhappy night—"*

"What are you giving us now, sonny?" asked old Bill. "How can anything be dead and unhappy?"

"Bill," replied Old Harvard gravely, "you put too much stress on sense and lose all the beauties of sound. It is evident that you have never loved the poets."

"Not much," agreed Bill. "You boys didn't come out here soon enough, that's what's the matter with you-all. If you had come out before you had come into possession of either a college eddication or a sweetheart, you-all wouldn't be so all-fired restless and poeticky. Now, me and my Molly hadn't gone half-way through the common school when our folks came out here—and 'twas quiet here for fair. Why, 'Lantic Ocean! we were glad for anything from a Methodist revival to an Indian uprisin' at times, to create some excitement. That's how it come Molly and I 'loped, just to stir up things some. But we ain't never regret it. It was a hard struggle at first getting along, as our sensible families—they weren't poeticky, either, said that as how we was so smart to start out that way, never letting on we even cared for each other, we was smart enough to get along by ourselves, without any help. And we did—just to show them! I often think we wouldn't have the richest ranches in this state if it weren't for the fact that we set up so all by ourselves, and no thanks to anyone. Boys, don't let those sweethearts of yours keep you waiting too long, nor you them. If anything makes me doggasted mad, it is to see the way some fellows keep a girl waiting, waiting, until they has enough to buy a ranch, a forest reserve, a yacht, a dozen automobiles, fifty round-trip tickets to Europe and such things, before they hitches up for life. Some gals gets thin and pines away before that day comes, and others get so fat they can't climb the Alps they intended to when they went to Europe on their wedding tower, and—well, it's a mistake. I tell you, boys, don't you do it!"

"Oh, Great Scott! Pap," exclaimed the editor, dropping into the affectionate way the boys had of addressing him at times, "who'd want to bring a cultured woman out here—on nothing? I'm too old, or too young, I don't know which, to acquire a sweetheart; but I have a dear old mother back in Maine, whom I'd love to have with me, and I know she'd like to have me with her—but I don't think we could be happy together out here. It's all right for me, but not for her."

"Why don't you try her and see?"

"It's too expensive a try just at present," said the editor. "Just wait until this outfit pays me, just wait until that bright some day, when in my prospecting I strike it rich—and then—"

"Maybe your mother won't be where she can take a train and come to you," said the old man gravely. "Why don't you take a trip to her about Christmas?"

"Why don't I take a trip to the moon? There are times when I believe that wealth not only has wings, but that wealth *is* wings."

"Right you are, Layton!" exclaimed Erb. "Oh, had I the wings of wealth I would fly to—"

"You are misquoting," interrupted Old Harvard.

"Who in the dickens said I was quoting," said Erb, half-savagely. "I am saying—I— not any of your sniveling old poets, or scribes—or pharisees, either—I am saying, or was about to say when you interrupted my flow of thought—Oh, had I the wings of wealth and I would fly—or steam to a certain city in New Jersey—"

"Didn't know New Jersey had cities," interrupted Tommy, with malicious intent, "I thought it only had colleges, corporations, towns and mosquitoes."

"Then all I have to say, Tommy," retorted Erb, "is that you did not improve your time at Princeton."

"Oh, didn't I?" asked Tommy. "Well, I'd like to know! Why, man, I surely did. You should see the sofa pillows I have, worked by no less than seventeen sweet ladies."

"And not one of them cared enough about you to smooth a plain white pillow for you if you were sick, I bet," sagely remarked old Bill.

"Alas, for me, Pap, I never took time to

get sick and test their sympathy," sighed Tommy. "Never mind, Pap, my one girl has not come along yet, but when she does, I'll be content if she makes me a pine pillow, picking each balmy needle with her own slender, white fingers."

"You are a selfish old bat!" snorted Pap. "Why, don't you all know that it's a day's work to pick a full-grown pine pillow?"

The others howled with glee, for Pap had failed to see that Tommy was guying him; not knowing that Tommy had never been able to induce any of his admirers to undertake such a task as making a pine pillow for him.

When the howls had died away, Pap, looking at them in injured astonishment, remarked: "Well, of all the lunacky boys I ever did see! You think you can't learn anything from an old man, but you can. I tell you, Tommy, when the girls comes along that's willing to pick a pine pillow for such a lazy, good-for-nothing galoot as you are, well, I'll just tell Ma that we must open up that spare room and let you-all come there to spend your honeymoon."

Amidst the laughter that followed, Tommy replied: "Thank you kindly, Pap, but when that day comes, you can wager that the sweetest she and your abused Tommy are going to travel over every road in this U. S. that permits traveling by automobile. I don't think we'll linger long in this part of the country."

"How about your ranches, young man?" asked Pap severely. "Do you mean to tell me that just when you are getting along so finely, you are going to ride off in an automobile when you should be riding round, keeping an eye on your interests. Just remember, every year ain't such good fodder-time; the waters don't flow over this part of the earth always so plentiful; the cattle ain't always so fat and contented on being alive, nor so ready to be killed, either; why, doggast it, you young shoots is clean spoiled. Aren't they, editor?"

"I rather think so," replied Layton. "But aren't you taking it too much for granted that Tommy is to meet the soul-satisfying She in the near future. And Pap, what are you scolding us for—we aren't plotting to go East, or to bring someone out into the West. I told you my case—only mother! As for Erb—"

"Yes, it's high time Erb got in a word edgewise," put in that individual. "I just started to say, about an hour ago that, had I the wings of wealth, I would steam into a certain place—will that suit you, Tommy? and from that said place, which numbers some thousand souls, I would subtract one, so that New Jersey would be one inhabitant less—"

"Land," put in Pap, who was mildly impatient, "don't be so cloudy in your remarks, Erby—what you going to do—kill a man!"

"I would subtract," proceeded Erb, determined not to stop before he had finished, this time, "a certain sweet girl who has done me the honor to promise to be my wife—"

"Oh, you mean Miss Elsie Chapman," said Tommy. "Shake, old man; my sister, Loretta, never stops talking about that same Elsie. They were chums at Vassar, just as we were at Princeton, and a jolly pair they were. I wish we had them with us right now!"

"Or even by Christmas," sighed Erb. "Darn holidays, anyway. We have just escaped through a blooming dull Thanksgiving only to run into an equally dull old Christmas!"

"Just like escaping from the chickenpox, only to get the smallpox," remarked Berkley. "I've been through one year of it, boys, I know. I'd never spent a Thanksgiving, or a Christmas, outside of old Virginia until last year. It was fierce! Talk about being homesick! If I'd a had the stomach of some of my fine old ancestors, I'd have 'drugged my memory,' all right! Thanksgiving's bad enough, but Christmas out here—it certainly is enough to send a fellow either to the devil or flying toward the old home; even if he must make all his Christmas dinners here—after off of corn bread and bacon. Future wealth—gracious, you feel that it is the dirt beneath your feet compared with a canter over the hard, red roads of Virginia previous to a Virginia Christmas dinner!"

"Or a sail along shore in Maine," supplemented the editor.

"Or a spin in a motor over in Jersey," sighed Tommy, "with one of the sweetest girls beside you, her hair making homeward-bound pennants in spite of her bulgy old veil, sometimes sweeping straight across a fellow's cheek."

"Shut up!" howled Erb, "Oh, darn it all, we'll be blubbing soon. I want the dear-

est girl in all the world; Tommy's looking for his, and not getting her, wants his sister; and Layton wants his mother, to make him incomparable pies, I suppose—Berkley wants to be back in old Virginia—"

"Or to have a certain young Washingtonian come out to the West, since I dare not go East until I've shown her old Wall Street bear of a father I can do something worth money," said Berkley.

"And who do you want, Old Harvard?" asked the editor, beaming over his glasses at the young man who had put aside his magazine, feeling it impossible to digest problems while all this talk went on.

"If you are sure you will not put it in your personal column, Layton, I'll tell you what I long for most of all."

"Out with—we promise not to breathe, even if you have a wife hidden in the gloom of Boston."

"No, like yourself and poor Tommy, I have not as yet found the soul-satisfying She. But I have, wearing their youth and spirits away teaching in a Washington college for young ladies, as it is styled, a widowed aunt and her daughter. I lived with them until after my uncle's death, when they removed to Washington. They seldom go beyond the Blue Ridge on the west, and time and again have I heard them say that they wish the opportunity would present itself for them to see what life is on a big ranch. Well, it may not, this year, but I live in hopes that I can see the way to treating them to a visit here."

"And have you more than a cousinly feeling for the sweet coz?" asked Erb, "Come, now, own up, while we are all confessing."

"If you mean a love-affair, no. I am as much in love with Aunt Alma as with my cousin, Jeanette, I assure you. She doesn't look a day over thirty-eight—just eighteen years older than her daughter. They are more like sisters than mother and daughter. The mother comes from your state, Berkley."

"Glad to hear it! By the way, my little sweetheart, Miss Taylor, is going through her senior year at the same college where your dear ones teach. I wonder if your aunt can be the Mrs. Preston, the teacher of literature—I've heard so much of a dear, little Virginian, a widow, who teaches Latin there."

"One and the same person," said Old Harvard, precisely.

"I am getting material enough for a page on the relations, tender and otherwise, of the bachelor ranchmen of Verdant Valley," said the editor, as he arose from his desk-chair and turned the damper of the "Morning Glory," which the boys knew was a sign that the office and lounging-room of the Verdant Valley Volunteer was to be closed for the night. "Say, Pap, what an item I could have, what a full page, rather, if all those friends and relatives were to turn up in Verdant Valley."

"You'd have to print a scarehead in red ink," said Tommy.

"Yes," crowed Erb, "something like this: 'ANGELS VISIT VERDANT VALLEY!'"

"After that piece of alliteration, which I consider it a malicious travesty on my most taking style, I beg that Tommy and his confederates vacate the premises," said the editor, with mock indignation, "or I may be compelled to ask my bell-boy to show you out."

"Call in the old cow!" yelled Tommy, as he sprang up, overthrowing his stool, "bring in old Brindle; the editor and owner of the Verdant Valley Volunteer wants the onliest bell-boy he has."

"Remember the gender," cautioned Old Harvard.

"I don't know about the gender," said Pap, as he made for the door, "but I do know that some college folks think they're mighty smart calling a cow a boy."

With the laughter that followed came the turning out of the one light, the closing of the front door of the "Morning Glory," and a general stampede for the door.

After an hour's ride, Pap Draney arrived at the stables not far from the great rambling log-house built on this, the favorite of all his several ranches. As he turned his horse over to one of the men, he found himself sighing to think how long a time had elapsed since the great house was filled with young people. He recalled the times when the half-dozen chambers built around the great sitting room were filled. That was before his children, two girls and three boys, had married and settled in homes of their own. Now and then they came back in flocks, to have a home-gathering, then fly away again, leaving the old home more lonely than ever. He and his wife spent a quiet, dreary Thanks-

giving, as none of the young people could manage a visit just then, and what was worse, said that it would not be possible to come for the Christmas holidays. Pap had noticed how "Ma," as she was lovingly called by all, had sobered and silenced since those letters came. She, who once never complained of loneliness, now seemed to feel it so.

"It ain't right," said Pap, as he tramped through the darkness to the back door of the house, "being so lone in such a big house like that, and somewheres folks is just a-dying for a chance to be in such a cosy home. It strikes me that Christmas time, particularly, folks would like to be in such a big place and have a royal good time. Hello, Ma!" he said, peering through the purple light and walking rapidly down to the big gate. "What you doing down here, with only that tiny shawl over your head, too?"

"Oh, Pa," said the plump little old woman, "that you, is it? Why, I was just looking for—"

"Not for me, Ma," he said, catching hold of her plump arm. "Who was it, Ma? You aren't expecting company, are you?"

For a moment she did not answer, then, "No, not that I know of, Pa. But I wish I was. I feel so blue after the Thanksgiving passing and no young company. I don't see how we can endure it till spring when the children said they'd come up."

"Now, Ma, you come right in and we'll talk things over. I've heard about as much mooing over being blue around holidays as I can endure without trying to right it some. Those boys that are trying their luck out here at owning ranches, mines, papers, and other reliable and unreliable things, were mooing like a lot of lost calves down at the Volunteer tonight. Everyone of them has someone out East that they wish was here—and, Ma, if you help me, they'll be here all right for Christmas. I'll have one grand roundup of folks, if we never see another before the general roundup, Judgment Day."

As soon as they were comfortably seated at either side of the great fireplace, Pap Draney told Ma every scrap of the conversation which took place in the office of the Verdant Valley Volunteer, and then sprang the startling suggestion that they invite the editor's mother, Erb's sweetheart, as well as Berkley's, Tommy's sister and Old Harvard's aunt and cousin out there, to spend a month,

at least, beginning with a few days before Christmas.

"I am not going to do things half-way, either. Ma, you and I have more than we or our children need to have, and be morally healthy, and I'm just a-going to buy those lonesome boys a fine Christmas surprise. First off, we'll write, you and me, Ma, and ask each and everyone of those ladies if they will come, and then I'll telegraph them expenses for the trip. I suppose some of them, such as Tommy's sister and the girl whose father's in Wall Street, and Erb's sweetheart, won't want to take the money, but I'll tell them they can't come unless they do—it's my treat. It's to be a secret, too, and they mustn't even scratch a hint of it in their letters to the boys. I've figured it out that Mrs. Preston can *chaperone* her daughter and Berkley's girl, if the girl's father is willing she should come. She can just tell him she is going for the trip with Mrs. Preston."

"But, Pa, would that be right? Perhaps he won't like for her to visit so near to Mr. Berkley."

"Now, Ma, you and me ain't going to thwart Love in our old age, are we? I'll see she gets back to school allright, don't worry. She's not likely to think she's escaped from a convent, like those foreign girls. And then, Ma, I might suggest to Mrs. Layton that she meet Miss Pratt—Tommy's sister, you know, and Miss Chapman, she's Erb's girl, you know, in New York, and she can see that they get here all right. Now, Ma, don't you think we'd better drive into town tomorrow and get the school teacher to write the letters for us? We'll invite her up, too, and that fellow she's engaged to, down Snooping Branch way."

"Just as you say, Pa. Why, Pa, you are getting up a regular surprise party. I do hope, Pa, like some surprise parties I've known, it won't be a surprise by its failing, don't you?"

"Oh, it won't, Ma. I feel it in my bones it won't."

And it was not. Within a week, telegrams came from all the parties addressed, accepting the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Draney to spend about a month at their ranch, "Hopeful Home," as the old couple had called it years ago, when only a tiny log hut stood amidst its acres and acres of wild hay. Several days later came letters telling that the

writers were more than thankful for the old couple's invitation and admonishing them, playfully, not to let even as much as a cat's claw peep out of the bag—it would be such a delightful surprise for the dear, homesick boys!"

Three days before Christmas, Pap dropped in at the office of the Volunteer and found there all of the unsuspecting young men. They were blue, the air was blue with smoke from their pipes, and, had they not pledged themselves to refrain from using strong language while working out a fortune in the new country, they might also have added to the general blueness of the atmosphere by using what Pap was won't to call "sometimes necessary cuss-words."

Erb had just taken his finger off the big printer's calendar which hung over the mailing table. Tommy who had been eyeing him, called out—

"No use, Erb, it's fully two weeks since she has written, and she's got another fellow, sure. A beau on hand is worth ten in the bush."

"And your sister hasn't written, either?" questioned Erb, smothering his resentment at Tommy in his anxiety to learn whether Tommy's sister had written or said anything of her chum, and his own sweetheart, Miss Chapman.

"No," said Tommy, "she hasn't, but then, you know sisters are not supposed to be as anxious for our welfare as our sweethearts."

"Wait till you get one," said Erb.

"Oh, I'm waiting, Erby, dear boy. But I tell you I'll not stand upon the order of waiting, once I see her—"My Queen, My Queen!" he said, breaking into the refrain of the old love song.

"For heaven's sake, shut up, Tommy," cried the editor, shying his sponge penwiper at the tuneful youth. "I can't hear myself think, let alone write this letter to my mother. I'm worried about her, too; haven't heard from her for over a week, and she usually writes every other day."

"There's another, not a mother, in this aching heart of mine!" sighed Berkley. "I haven't heard from Washington of late, either."

"Something must be wrong with the mails," began Old Harvard.

"With the females, you mean," said Tommy. "I see it in your melancholy eye, Old

Harvard, that you have not had any letters of late, either."

"Oh, dang it all, dang it all, dash it all, and so again I say dang it all!" cried Erb. And then arose the wild yell of

"So say we all of us! So say we all of us! So say we all!"

"Of all the blamed lunatics!" said Pap Draney, when they had sat down again. "Now, boys, I tell you, you'll go plumb crazy if you keep this up. Now, boys, me and Ma had planned to have all of you to the house this Christmas. Needn't groan, neither! It's going to be great. You can come around Christmas Eve and hang up your stockings, if you've a mind to—"

"They're full of holes!" moaned Tommy.

"Ma'll mend them. But, boys, you have got to do something for Ma. She rather expects other company, and we want the old house to be at its best, so it's up to you boys to get the place fixed up. Now, stop your groaning over heart troubles, and just groan a little bringing in half the woods to make that place just as green as if 'twas a bit of summer woods brought out here from your old East, that's always worrying you."

"But we can't get any holly or mistletoe," said Berkley, "and what's Christmas without holly and mistletoe?"

"And what's the use of mistletoe, with no girls around to be kissed?" asked Tommy.

"Now, boys, just you go ahead and do as I tell you should. I'll see you don't have a blue Christmas, and let me see that I have a green house."

"We are with you, Pap," they cried. And then, for the next two days so willingly did they work that the great house was indeed like a bit of summer woods when they had finished. As they hung wreaths over the pictures in the chambers, they surmised that Ma must have invited a great deal of company, and Tommy was moved to hope aloud that there would be a girl amongst the visitors who would take kindly to him.

At noon, on Christmas Eve, the whole house breathed forth a spicy, warm welcome. Ma, in her second-best black silk, a snowy lace fichu around her neck and a small white cap with lavender bow upon her snowy head, sat at one of the north windows with her knitting. Now and then she stopped to look up the road leading over the hills from the railroad station, where Pap with one of the hired

men, had driven some time ago to meet their eastern guests. She was glad that the young men had ridden off an hour before, voicing their intentions of making an afternoon of it in the nearest large town. It was impressed upon them, however, that they must be back in time for the seven o'clock supper, which, on this night of nights, was to be a feast in honor of Ma's and Pa's guests.

Ma looked up from her knitting for the fiftieth time, to see the coach coming down the hill. Pap was on top with the driver, and knowing that she was watching for them, waved his handkerchief as a prearranged signal, denoting all was well. Ma arose hastily, threw her gray shawl over her shoulders and went out on the covered porch, determined to meet her eastern guests with a welcome so warm that they would not feel strange in this strange land. The day was clear and cold, not with the penetrating cold of the eastern coast, but laden with invigorating tonic calculated to kill the most obstinate cases of malaria or ennui. Ma felt almost youthful again, as she walked down to the gate and smiled up to Pap on his high seat. In a second he was down on the hard road, had opened the door of the coach and was helping out the fair occupants, then hurried with them to Ma's side, saying:

"Ladies, this is Ma! Ma this—holding the hand of an elderly, thin woman in black, "is Mrs. Layton, the editor's mother." Then he took hold of Mrs. Preston's hand, "and this is Mrs. Preston, aunt of Harvard, as we call him, and this, " leading forth a pretty, rosy-cheeked brunette, who was a small edition of her young mother, "is her daughter, Miss May Preston. And this," indicating a stylish young blonde, well wrapped in furs, "is Miss Taylor of Washington, who came on with them. I believe Miss Taylor is a friend of Mr. Berkley's," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as he dropped her hand and then introduced the remaining girls, "Miss Loretta Pratt," who was slender, round, dimpling, with mischievous, dark gray eyes and curly, chestnut hair, and "Miss Chapman," a girl of about Loretta's age, but with smooth hair brushed back from a white forehead, and, in many ways as different from her chum, Loretta, as she could well be.

At the dinner which was awaiting them, the entire party felt at perfect ease. Ma and Pa, these eastern people told each other when

left to themselves, while Ma superintended some work in the great kitchen, were the most delightful old couple they had ever encountered. But, for all their delight in Pa and Ma, they were wishing that the hour before supper would roll around quickly, for then they would meet the young men for whom they had come many miles. An hour before the fated time, they had arrayed themselves in their prettiest and lightest gowns, even Mrs. Layton consenting to put aside her sombre black gown and don a pearl-gray silk, a present from her son the Christmas before last.

As Miss Pratt walked forth in a pink crepe de chine, she was met by her chum, Miss Chapman, who couldn't resist saying—"It's a pity to waste that dress on a brother."

"How about someone's else brother?" she laughed.

"Maybe that's what Miss Preston thought, too," said Miss Chapman. "Doesn't she look too lovely for anything in that canary-colored silk mull?"

"I'm sure it won't be wasted on Tommy," said Miss Pratt. "Tommy is sure to fall in love with her. And this," she said, with finality in her tone, "must be his last offence."

Promptly at half-past six, five young men rode up to the porch, dismounted, and turned their horses over to the stable man.

"It's funny they have the shades drawn in the big room," commented Erb, as he rapped on the door with the toe of his boot. It was opened promptly and the five filed in. For a moment they seemed blinded by the light from the lamps and the fireplace, then they came to, when Pa said in his smooth old voice:

"Boys, what yo' think of my Christmas roundup?"

Tommy was the first to get his breath after the first wave of surprise had receded. "Say, Pap, I wonder is there the slightest possibility of me getting that pine pillow?"

At this, the other young men laughed so merrily that the girls begged to be let in the secret, but they were not until their visit was up and they heard that Tommy and Miss Preston were engaged, and that she had promised to help him pick a pine pillow.

Pap loves to refer to the merry month that followed as "his Christmas roundup," but Ma, being a little more poetical and reflecting that no less than three engagements came of that occasion,— Mrs. Preston and the editor, Tommy and Miss Preston and Old Harvard and Tommy's sister, not forgetting to mention the ones which existed between Mr. Berkley and Miss Taylor and Erb and Miss Chapman; loves to speak of it as "Cupid's Roundup."

AT MARY'S DOOR

WHEN, by her door-stone, Mary slept,
Weary and spent with tasks of love,
Close to her feet the Christ Child crept
While near them winged a snow-white dove.

And, in her dreams, the Mother felt
Again that Angel Presence near
As when, in trembling fear, She knelt
The message from her Lord to hear.

Thus, through the golden sundown hours,
Love's presence kept her dreaming sweet,
While, nested in the lily flowers,
The Christ Child slumbered at her feet.

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson

THE RULES OF ORDER

By L. H. Hammond

IT was believed at the Westville Seminary for Young Ladies that the members of the College Preparatory Department always acted in unison. To the public eye, indeed—which is, being interpreted, the seminary eye—they presented an unbroken front; but they had their private seasons of excitement, when, to use the graphic language of the youngest freshman, that seemingly solid phalanx of girls was shaken and rent to its foundations. It is with an upheaval of the phalanx's foundations that this story is concerned.

It happened in April, when the early Southern spring reaches its most captivating stage, and the dogwood blossoms in purest white against the pale background of the greening woods. The dogwood blossoms and the great Professor of English Literature always arrived together. His annual course of lectures was considered Westville's greatest intellectual treat; and his distant relationship to the principal of the seminary gave an added luster to that select and fashionable institution. The professor was nowhere more popular. The verdict of many successive classes proclaimed him an "old dear;" and this year the girls had planned in his honor an entertainment which, while representing the entire seminary, should include a number small enough to enjoy personal association with the great man. They had decided upon a tally-ho party to a near-by cave, which, both for scenic and geological reasons, was considered one of the show places of that part of the state. An elaborate picnic supper and a moonlight drive home would complete an entertainment, combining the beauties of nature, intellectual stimulus, creature comforts, and the charms of female society. The plan left nothing to be desired.

The College Preparatories, as they were called, were the only students in the seminary in ignorance of the approaching festivities. The chief aim of the institution, as set forth

in the catalogue, was to give to Southern young ladies all the comforts and refinements of a Southern home, while fitting them for woman's true sphere—the creation and adornment of the home itself: but it had also, on sufferance, as it were, a college preparatory department for those whose ambitions led them further afield. This department, with its mere handful of pupils, was looked upon with pity by the seminary classes, full to overflowing with the fashionably elect. The college preparatory senior's brightest hopes were but that she might "scrape" some college's entrance examinations and start as freshman on another four-year's grind, from which she would emerge a confirmed and hopeless old maid; but the seminary seniors saw beyond the splendors of graduation day an entrancing vista of dances and receptions—a vista invariably closed in the middle distance by bridesmaids, a flower-decked altar, and a nebulous but altogether charming bridegroom.

The pity of the seminary girls, like a great deal of pity in this naughty world, was worse than wasted upon its recipients. For their part, the college preparatories modestly believed that they embodied a very large proportion of the brains of the institution. A second portion, not so large, perhaps, was conceded to the faculty, and the small remainder was chiefly credited to two or three unusually popular seminary girls. They felt no yearning whatever for the seminary's pity, and resented it whenever and wherever expressed. They also resented, with more or less inconsistency, the fact that they were regarded as a separate "set," and left out of many seminary frolics. It was this separation which had drawn them so closely together that class distinctions were almost lost among them. Each seminary class had its own organization, motto, colors and flower, and woe to the unwary youth whose attentions ignored these vital distinctions; but the

college preparatories knew but one color—that of the department; their president was chosen without regard to class; and the youth whose fancy was arrested by one of these intellectual maidens could send her, whether freshman or senior, an offering of white carnations, and rest secure from future cataclysms.

Naturally, the tally-ho party could not be kept a perpetual secret, though the seminaries did their best; and that the college preparatories—the real brains of the institution—should be kept out of anything offered as a school hospitality, was an insult not to be borne. A notice from their president, posted on the bulletin board one morning, and bearing in its frantic chiragraphy all the marks of haste and agitation, called them together at the noon hour. They sat in one of the class rooms, excitedly munching pickles and cake, while their chief officer expounded the situation.

"Everybody knows the professor comes to this school on our account," she declared, indignantly. "What does he care about seminary girls who expect to marry at the end of their first season and go to 'creating and adorning Southern homes?'" She waved this menial occupation from her with a fine scorn, and her audience clapped as well as they could for the pickles and cake.

"They thought we couldn't find it out till it was too late to do anything," she went on. "They asked the Doctor and Mrs. Doctor to chaperone, so, of course, he gave them permission, and agreed to excuse all the girls who go from afternoon recitations; and they have asked all the teachers they thought would kick, so they're settled; and they've elected girls from each class. When they found they had two or three vacant places, instead of giving them to us they put in some extra seniors. There isn't a hole left."

"How did you find out?" asked the vice-president. She was the only senior in the department, and secretly deplored the "vice" in her title; but then she had been president last year.

"Miss Smithers gave it away—dear old thing! I went to ask her my Latin grade, and I happened to have done extra well this time, so she asked me to sit down. It means something to sit in Miss Smithers' presence merely for the joys of polite conversation, so I stayed; and she asked me which of us were

going on the tally-ho party with the professor. It most took my breath away, but I told her we hadn't decided yet, and asked her what she thought about having a thing like that, anyway. That got it all out of her, for she wasn't asked and doesn't approve of it; but the seminary juniors started it, so she didn't lay it up against us."

The president paused to chuckle, and the department looked at her admiringly. She was only a sophomore, and owed her present eminence to the very qualities which had enabled her to extract this valuable information from Miss Smithers in the nick of time. If it had happened last year—well, the vice was one of their brightest girls, and of course they were proud of having a Senior in the department (in their thoughts this word was always accorded a capital); but Julia May wouldn't have known a thing about it till she saw it in the paper the morning after it happened, if she had known she wouldn't have done anything, as her next words plainly showed.

"What can we do if the coaches are full?" she asked disconsolately. Perhaps she was not sorry to expose the futility of presidential enterprise. The college preparatories looked depressed.

"We can empty them," said the president, with the calmness of the truly great in the presence of an emergency. The department brightened vaguely.

"How?" persisted the vice.

"Here," said the president, with a glance at the clock and a sudden haste in her accents; "you all come sign this. You first, Julia May. Sign while I tell you about it. It's a petition, and Julia May and I'll take it to the Doctor after school. There's no time to read it, but it's no end palavery, and states that we're all yearning after the highest things—which means him and the professor—and that we're also an important part of the school. We'll cry if necessary; I know how, and I can pinch Julia May till she does it. We'll oust those extra seniors and get in ourselves. Meet here after school tomorrow, and elect our representatives." She snatched up the paper and ran, closely followed by the others, and was in her seat in the study-hall a full three seconds before Miss Jenkins tapped the bell.

The two girls went to the office after school. To them the situation was simple; but the

doctor saw clearly a number of objections to their plan. They consisted of the displaced seniors, all of them town girls with fond mammas and influential connections. He did not believe in stirring up strife, especially in the families of pupils of social prominence. But the families of the college preparatories were also of weight, and he was not without resources.

"I had no idea of this oversight," he protested, "or I would have rectified it at once. But it seems a pity to disappoint young ladies who are already arranging to go; I can make room for you without that. Miss James is invited, but is really too fatigued with her work to care for the trip—she is not very strong, you know. I think I can promise you Miss James' place. There are so few in your department that one representative will be an even more liberal allowance than is accorded the other classes. I am delighted that you brought the matter to my attention; we couldn't allow your department to be unrepresented."

He beamed upon them, standing with his hand on the door of the private office, where his stenographer labored, and where no pupil was allowed to come. He saw the disappointment on the faces before him and cocked his head attentively.

"Ah, yes!" he exclaimed, in answer to a call inaudible to his visitors. "Coming, Miss Stebbins, at once! Good afternoon, young ladies," and he disappeared in the den.

The girls looked at one another blankly. "Why didn't you stop him?" asked the vice, reproachfully.

"Because I didn't want to," answered the other, taking her ground with instant decision. "He's exactly right; one is all we are entitled to."

"Oh, very well," replied the department's senior loftily; "but if only one can go—" she hesitated, meeting the presidential eye. "It's a shame about Miss James," she concluded weakly.

"It's Miss James' business to be ragged around by the doctor and Mrs. Doctor," said Anne coolly; "that's what they keep her for. The girls just asked her for a dummy, so that if the Doctress wanted a seat for a friend she could have it. Miss James knows well enough she isn't to go. It's Mrs. Doctor who'll get the nervous shock of losing the seat."

"Well, it will certainly jar her," laughed Julia May. "I'm glad it's the doctor who will have to break the news."

They laughed together, personal rivalry lost sight of for a moment, in contemplation of this triumph over their natural enemy. Half an hour later they separated affectionately, at Julia May's gate.

When they met in business session the next day after school, they were still the best of friends. But it was quite clear to the brain under Julia May's curly poll that the one and only senior of the department was its one and only eligible representative; while the presidential mind saw with equally unerring insight that the college preparatories could be properly represented only in the person of their highest officer. What the majority of the girls would think, neither of them knew. Both scorned electioneering; and each secretly hoped that her own claim to distinction was so luminously pre-eminent that attention could not be diverted in any less desirable direction. Each, however, was uneasily aware of the other's popularity; and felt that a delicate sense of the fitness of things should lead her rival to withdraw herself as a possible candidate for votes. But neither of them would have expressed such an opinion for worlds, or even for a gold fan-chain, which happened to be at the moment the dearest desire of each.

"Why don't the others come?" asked the president; "there aren't but eight of us here."

"Rosalie's sister has a reception this afternoon, and she and Lily Maud are to serve the punch. They couldn't stay, possibly."

The president and the vice looked serious. Neither of them knew which had lost the votes.

"Where's Janet Moss, then?"

"She had to go to the dressmaker's, Anne," answered her desk-mate. "You know she's to give a birthday party next week, and her dress is hardly begun."

"Mamie's sick," volunteered the sufferer's sister. "She woke up with an awful headache, and mother's had the doctor. Mamie was so worried she sent me down to tell you."

The president closed her lips. She was a robust young person herself, and scorned aches and the people who had them. Ethel, Mamie's sister, had been a college preparatory herself last year, and should be a senior at this very moment, thereby destroying the

uniqueness of Julia May's position; but instead of going on with her work as she should have done, she had indulged in so many ailments that her mother had taken her out of school for the year. Mamie was just like her. Her headache was doubly exasperating just now, for she was in all things Anne's adoring slave.

"Mamie cried over it, Anne," insisted her messenger, "but it just made her head worse. She's in bed."

"It doesn't matter," said the president loftily, her mind intent on her own difficulties rather than on the whereabouts of her suffering satellite. "Well, I suppose everybody's here that's coming. You all know we can't have but one representative, and we'll proceed to elect her at once. We want to be strictly parliamentary, so we'll have ballots. Everybody sit in a different row, so nobody can see what anybody else writes. I've made some ballots out of the back of my Latin exercise book. Here, Ethel, pass them around for us. Laura Belle, you sit up here and count."

Laura Belle came forward and sat at one end of the teacher's desk. She prepared her own ballot with ostentatious care, folding it, and pushing it with one finger to the middle of the desk, where it awaited the others, shaken solemnly from Ethel's hand bag. She counted them slowly and carefully, and announced the result:

"Four for Anne, and three for Julia May."

"Ethel Stancil voted!" exclaimed the vice, in a tone which she tried hard to curb to mere judicial reproof. "You're not a college preparatory, Ethel."

"Address all remarks to the chair," said the president, sternly. "I've told you all that no end of times; I wish to goodness you'd remember. Did you vote, Ethel?"

"Yes, I did. My being out awhile for sickness doesn't count; and, besides, Mamie told me to cast her vote."

"Mary Stancil knows perfectly well we've forbidden anybody sending in votes like that," exclaimed the vice with suppressed excitement. "We forbade it last year when the new president was elected." She looked at that officer with a pleasant sense of time's revenges. The ranks of her own followers had been depleted just then by an epidemic of mumps, and their ballots by mail had been barred.

The president rapped to restore order. She wore a virtue-at-any-price expression. She knew Ethel's vote had been cast for herself: she knew that the vice knew it.

"Of course you can't vote, Ethel, either for yourself or Mamie," she said resolutely. "Give them some more ballots and let's do it over."

"Well, I know people can vote when they're not there," said Laura Belle suddenly. "I don't know how it is, exactly, but you just get a proxy and put it in a letter. Father sent one to New York last week. I heard him say so."

"A proxy in a letter!" exclaimed the youngest freshman scornfully. "Who ever heard the like! Why, a proxy is a man, Laura Belle. Kings used to have 'em in the middle ages to go marry their wives and bring 'em home."

"Will somebody suppress that child?" asked Laura Belle wearily, leaning back in her chair and fanning herself with a ballot. "She thinks it's her little primer class in history."

The freshman sprang to her feet. She was a red-headed child, a cousin of Julia May's, who was considered by her relatives phenomenally bright, and by other people too pert for any use. Before she could speak the president's algebra thumped on the desk.

"Order!" cried that officer once more. "Sit down this minute, Olivia Randall. If you-all will keep still long enough for the chair to get a word in edgeways, this matter can be settled at once. Proxies—" she hesitated for a second. Privately she shared the freshman's opinion that proxies were gentlemen in satin trunks and velvet cloaks, utterly incapable of being folded into an envelope; but Laura Belle knew lots of things about business, and it behooved no chair to risk exposing her own ignorance. "Proxies," she repeated firmly, "can be used by those who prefer to employ such methods. But we have spread on our minutes a resolution that no member shall vote who is not present to cast her ballot in person. We will not discuss proxies further. Pass the ballots, Ethel."

Laura Belle counted once more.

"Three for Anne and three for Julia May. Why, it's a tie. You'd better have let Ethel alone. I'm in an awful hurry this afternoon."

"We must vote again," said the president, with weary but high-minded patience.

The vote was taken.

"Three for Anne and three for Julia May. My goodness, girls, are you going to keep this up all afternoon? Why don't some of you vote the other way?"

"Which other way?" inquired the freshman scornfully. "Why don't you do it yourself?"

"Order!" cried the president once more. "Will you never learn to speak to the chair? Just vote again."

Once more the vote was taken. The girls were growing excited, and Laura Belle's sudden pallor as she counted the ballots thrilled their tense nerves before she began in a dazed and reluctant voice:

"I can't find Anne's other vote; there aren't but two!"

"Julia May's got it, goose," said the freshman joyfully.

"She hasn't either. She—oh, I forgot to vote myself! Wait a minute!"

She scribbled a ballot in frantic haste.

"Three for Anne," she announced triumphantly, "and three for Julia May."

"You just stop that, Laura Belle Williams!" cried the freshman fiercely. "You can't put votes in after it's counted. Julia May's elected!" Her blue eyes snapped, and her face matched her hair.

"It wasn't counted," began Laura Belle, when the president rapped again.

"It certainly was not a formal count," she said, "so I think it was all right as far as Laura Belle's vote was concerned. But, girls, we haven't a quorum. I forgot all about it. It takes seven besides the chair."

"There are seven here," said Laura Belle, counting rapidly. "Why, somebody isn't voting! I do think that's a shame—when I said I was in such a hurry, too!"

"Who is not voting?" asked the president.

"You, principally," said the irrepressible freshman. "If you'd vote it would settle it, and it's the president's business."

"She needn't unless she wants to," put in Ethel valiantly. "If Anne—"

"Order!" The algebra thumped vigorously. "I think—" with a withering glance in the freshman's direction—"that the chair needs no instructions from new members in regard to the rules of order. The president votes when other means of decision are exhausted, not when some member is shirking her duty. Let the person who is not voting rise at once."

Julia May stood up. The president gave a little gasp.

"Why, Julia May," she said, "I didn't think. Of course you don't want to vote. Girls, let's adjourn till tomorrow and get a quorum without her."

"You've got a quorum now. There are seven of us besides you," answered the vice.

"Not seven voters, if you won't vote."

"I'm not obliged to vote. If I am here that's enough. We are not going to adjourn and you can just give the casting vote yourself. You've got to."

"But it isn't a quorum," persisted the president. "How can a voter be present if she doesn't vote? I think we had better adjourn."

"I move we stay till there's an election," said the vice.

"Second the motion," piped the freshman.

It was carried, and again Ethel collected the votes.

"Three for Anne, and three for Julia May," said Laura wearily. "We may as well telephone our mothers we won't be home to-night!"

"You just stop this nonsense, Anne Hyde," said the freshman angrily, springing to her feet. "Julia May knows more about the rules of—" she collapsed in her seat suddenly. A junior, also Julia May's supporter, had sidled along the bench without speaking and jerked her down by her pigtail.

"Do hush!" she exclaimed in a whisper distinctly audible. "Anne knows the rules and she plays fair. You're a regular nuisance."

A ripple of approval stirred the silence.

"I must say," Eleanor went on, in a tone intended for the entire department, "that I'm getting dreadfully bored. I've been voting for Julia May, but I think it's time for this foolishness to stop. She won't let us go home, and she won't vote; it's a perfect shame. I think it's up to her to vote or to withdraw; and if she won't, it's up to Anne to make her."

A wave of applause swept through the audience. Julia May tore a leaf from her notebook, wrote rapidly and crumpling it up in her hand threw it on the table.

"There!" she said angrily.

"Well, there's no use bothering with the others again," said Laura Belle, opening it; "we all know the rest of the ballots by heart. Thank goodness, this is the end of it—four for Anne and three for Julia May."

The president looked embarrassed.

"I wish you'd agreed to adjourn, Julia May," she said. "But you didn't need to vote for me. I think it was sweet of you."

"You made me," snapped the vice; "and you broke the rules to do it. I'm sure I hope you will enjoy yourself."

The president's eyes flashed, but she set her lips resolutely and marched out of the room without speaking, her head held high. She walked home swelling with injured virtue. Her mother was out, and in the absence of that best of comforters she sat down to console herself with a perusal of the rules she had so faithfully kept. Didn't she know her "Roberts" by heart? Apparently not. She read with growing haste and consternation. Then she flung the book aside, flew to the telephone and called up Julia May.

"Julia May, you were right about the rules. It was a quorum. I'm awfully sorry. I'm going to call up all the girls now, and we'll do it over tomorrow. And—oh, *that's* all right! No, I know you didn't. No, I don't mind a bit. All right. Goodbye."

The next afternoon ten excited college preparatories sat before the chair. The election—or non-election—was without precedent in their annals. Except for Mamie, still detained at home by an anxious parent, the entire department was present.

"Neither Julia May nor I will take part," the president was explaining. "We will sit together at the back of the platform. I will ask Rosalie to take the chair."

She retired in conscious sanctity. She could not bring herself to cut out the vote of one of her own supporters by asking her to preside, neither would she knowingly de-

prive her rival. Rosalie was one of the two girls whose preference she did not know.

The ballot was taken. The elimination of Rosalie and the two candidates left eight voters. Laura Belle counted the ballots and gasped.

"Four for Anne and four for Julia May!" She fell back limp in her chair.

"Rosalie Townsend, you can just settle it," said Eleanor. "I'm getting nervous prostration; I won't vote again!"

"I expect to settle it," said Rosalie sweetly. She paused dramatically, in full enjoyment of her power and the moment of suspense, while ten girls quivered with excitement. "I vote for our president, Anne Hyde."

The president turned regretfully to the vice. Why must somebody always be defeated? She held out her hand hesitatingly.

But the vice rose to the occasion. Anne had behaved very well, on the whole; and she herself had no mind to go down in the history of the department as a would-like-to-have-been-but-couldn't. She walked to the front of the platform.

"I think Rosalie's right," she said, "and our president is the one to go. I move we make it unanimous."

The red-headed freshman climbed up on the bench and cheered, waving her handkerchief frantically; and the others, catching her enthusiasm, cheered and waved too. As the freshman said afterward, it was a perfect ovation for Julia May.

But the president caught the vice around the neck and publicly buried the presidential nose in the vice presidential collar.

"Julia May Somerville," she exclaimed, "you are the very *sweetest* thing!"

FROM THE SEA AT YULE-TIDE

NO holly nor mistletoe send I thee
With a message for thee and thine,
But shells and a weed from the old salt sea
And a whiff of the salt sea brine.

The weed for health, the shell for wealth,
A wish for prosperity.
From the ocean's side, this glad Yule-tide,
Comes a Christmas wish for thee.

Mabel Ward Cameron

A CONSOLATION PRIZE

By Alice D'Alcho

£100 REWARD

Whereas, some evil-disposed person, or persons, have tampered with the contents of letter boxes and other receptacles for mail matter: Her Majesty's Government will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the conviction of the offenders.

FOR some time past the above notice had decorated the post offices and police stations of London; inspiring its readers with an ardent desire to bring the evil-disposed person to justice; and on this particular Sunday morning, convincing two very enterprising youths that the £100 was theirs. They were of the genus loafer, a type very much in evidence in the city streets on Sunday.

The place was one of the short streets near the Strand; on one side a row of publishing houses, on the other the arched entrance to one of the old city churches. High up, outlined against the murky sky, the beautiful tower gave silent praise to the master-hand which planned it—but the two watchers below were as oblivious of Wren's genius as of the service to which the bells were calling.

Their whole attention was directed to the movements of a woman—movements, which, to say the least, appeared somewhat mysterious. Strolling lazily up the street, they had noticed her peering into a letter box, and seemingly trying to abstract some of its contents.

"Wot's she up to, Bill?" whispered the younger of the two.

Bill shook his head sagely and opined that it was "a rum go"; then the twain slipped into a doorway to watch.

The woman did not seem successful in her object, for she turned and crossed the street, looking anxiously up and down. The bells

had stopped and the service had begun—most of the congregation entering at the front. The street seemed deserted, and, as if taking fresh courage, the woman suddenly re-crossed to the letter box. The watchers then saw that the corner of a package was sticking out of the opening, and that she was making a desperate effort to dislodge it. Several tugs, and it came out with a jerk—evidently to the woman's satisfaction. Also to that of her observers; this was plain proof, and all they needed was a policeman.

To their surprise, she now crossed the road again and entered the church. Baffled for the moment, they stood hesitating, then the elder bade his friend remain on guard while he went around to the front entrance. There a solitary policeman was awaiting the end of the service, and hungrily anticipating his dinner. But that and all else was forgotten on hearing the tale, and the majesty of the law became suddenly alert. Presently the great doors swung back and the congregation filed out; last of all the woman they were waiting for. She was still carrying the mail-package, and now turned toward Charing Cross. A moment later, a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder and a gruff voice was advising her to come along quietly. The advice was hardly needed, for she seemed too dazed to resist, or even to speak.

The classic shades of Bow street were near at hand, but ere the little procession arrived it was swelled by a motley crowd of idlers, and their comments were various.

"A regular bad 'un, she is!"

"Ow, I dunno, she don't look it."

And she didn't. She was young, fair and had an air of refinement that belied her shabby dress.

Sergeant Jones, who was in charge that morning, looked up in some amazement as the culprit was haled before him. "A serious matter," he said, "be careful what you say." His manner was kind and somewhat

fatherly—he had daughters of his own at home—perhaps it touched the girl, for she began to sob.

"Oh, what does it mean? what have I done to be brought here?"

The charge was read to her: "Robbing the mail—two witnesses."

"I rob the mail! I never stole in my life!"

"Property found on person, sir," interrupted the policeman, pointing to the package still in her hand.

"This!" she exclaimed. "Why, this is my own — my own writing—it's a story."

"A story, what do you mean?"

She was growing calmer now, and went on with her explanation. Her husband was ill, and they needed money, so she had tried to write a story for the prize competition in the "Bon Bouche," a popular magazine. The time-limit expired on Monday morning—Christmas Eve—and this was the twenty-third of December, so to make sure of being in time, she had taken it direct to the publishing office. The letter box was already full and the manuscript stuck half-way, so, fearing it might be stolen, went back and drew it out. Then she went into the church for a while, that was all.

It seemed simple enough, but the sergeant's long experience with wolves in lamb's attire had taught him that an air of perfect innocence may only be a cloak for profound guilt. He examined the unlucky package, but that did not help him much; it was addressed to the editor certainly—but that was no proof that she wrote it. Turning to the two witnesses, he bade them be on hand next morning, and dismissed them.

The girl stood waiting, flushed and indignant.

"Surely you believe me," she said, "you will release me now?"

The sergeant looked grave. "I am sorry, but it is not in my power to do so; the offence charged is a serious one, and my duty compels me to detain you."

"Till when?"

"Till tomorrow morning, when the magistrate will hear your case."

She gave him a horrified stare, then, claiming the privilege of her sex, dropped into a chair and fainted.

They carried her into a private room, and a female attendant was summoned, but it was some time before the girl recovered con-

sciousness. When she did it was only to break into wild, hysterical weeping.

The sergeant felt worried and heartily wished someone else had been in charge that day; locking up a woman always tried his kindly soul, and he felt convinced in his own mind that this one was innocent. So he secretly anathematized the witnesses as "a couple of meddling fools, confound them!" To relieve his feelings a little, he sent out for sundry dainties in hope of tempting his prisoner's appetite; but they remained untouched and her hysterical crying still went on. He had not even succeeded in getting her name—perhaps she would talk presently—so, leaving the matron with her, he went back to the office and waited.

It was growing dark, and the sergeant felt very sleepy; no other charges had come in—he had read the paper through—and now any relief to the dullness would be acceptable. It was coming.

The matron looking somewhat scared, suddenly appeared before him, whispered a few words and vanished again, leaving the startled sergeant very wide awake indeed. And now there was ringing of bells—hurrying feet passing to and fro—the police surgeon's voice giving orders, which the sergeant meekly obeyed—altogether a state of commotion and excitement.

Late in the evening the doctor reappeared. "A fine boy," he said, in answer to the sergeant's look of inquiry. "She'll do now, I think, but who is she?"

"That's just what I want to know," replied the weary officer. "I was hoping the matron would have found out." Then he related the whole story, and to his relief, found the doctor's opinion agreed with his own.

"Well," said the surgeon, "we can do nothing at present; leave it to me. I shall stay here for the night, and perhaps may get a chance to question her. For one thing, I think she is an American. Now, you'd better turn in."

The sergeant's hours of duty were long past, and a night-officer was waiting to relieve him, so he gladly obeyed. Dingy old Bow street settled down into its normal state of quiet, but the doctor's guess had increased the sergeant's worryment, and his dreams were haunted with vague visions of international complications, and a fleet of Uncle Sam's warships steaming up the Thames.

Morning came, bright and sunny, as if in blessing on the little life just dawned. In her improvised chamber the young mother lay calm and happy, for the doctor had told her all would be well. He had learned enough to justify his confidence, and when the sergeant put in an early appearance, met him with a smiling face.

Her name was Graham—Mrs. Wilfred Graham—and her home was at Fulham. He had promised that he himself would go there in the morning and acquaint her husband with all her adventures.

"So, send me in some breakfast, my dear fellow, and I'll be off—I want to get ahead of those blessed witnesses."

Half an hour later he was on his road to the modest little home, where he found a wild-eyed, distracted husband and a very tearful landlady. A few words told his errand, but many columns would not describe the husband's conflicting emotions: indignation, grief, joy and pride rendered him speechless for a time. Then he gave the worthy doctor all the truth.

She was the daughter of a wealthy American—a New Yorker—and they had met in London, at the house of a mutual friend. They were distantly related—second cousins—and of course fell in love."

"Very imprudent," murmured the doctor, "but I don't blame you. Go on."

The father was furiously angry; refused to sanction any engagement, and threatened to carry his daughter off at once if she dared to see her lover again. She was of age, so they were married secretly, hoping he would afterward relent; but he refused to see them and went back to New York in bitter anger.

As the young man proceeded with his story, the doctor was mentally taking notes. "A sick man—not past mending, though—ease of mind and a sea-voyage would bring him around. A gentleman, every inch—but papa wanted a title, I suppose."

"Don't think me a fortune-hunter, I beg," Graham went on. "At the time of our marriage, I had every reason to think our future secure. I had passed my final 'exam.' for the bar, and my prospects were good. My father, General Graham, approved of my marriage, and by his will we were to inherit the whole of his little fortune. Alas, a city friend persuaded him into an endeavor to increase it; he made large investments, prom-

ising and seemingly sound, and a year later found himself ruined. All had gone—and the shock killed him. Then other troubles came—treading on each other's heels—till, finally, I was mixed up in a railway accident, and you find me like this—spinal concussion, the doctors said."

"Poor chap!" ejaculated the listener, "we'll see what we can do."

Graham smiled and went on. "My dear wife has been so brave and patient through it all. In her college days she was noted as a ready writer, and she has sometimes said she would try her powers with the editors—but I did not know of this effort. When she started out yesterday I supposed it was to go to church; she looked pale and worn, so I was glad for her to have the walk. To think it should lead to a police station!"

Here the doctor broke in. "Come, this won't do; never you mind about the police station, sir; it isn't every baby has the good luck to be born in such a celebrated place; known all over the world, sir."

"Well, doctor," laughed Graham, "we'll call it a government office, if you like."

"Ah, that's better—but come, I've promised to take you back with me. I have a carriage waiting—no sir, not the 'Black Maria'—don't be irreverent. Your landlady must come, too—she must swear to your respectability."

With that he jerked the bell-rope and ordered the astonished Mrs. Jenkins to be ready in a jiffy.

"Now, where's your overcoat?—hat—no a cap will be more comfortable—something for your throat, that's it—now we're ready—take my arm, steady now!"

Before Graham could realize it, the doctor had got him into the carriage and, with Mrs. Jenkins on the opposite seat, they were driving rapidly toward the scene of trouble.

Now it happened that just about the same time, Mr. John Gregson, editor of the "Bon Bouche," was also on his way to town. He had secured a morning paper, a comfortable seat in an early train, and was in a very cheerful and optimistic mood. Glancing carelessly over the news items, one headline arrested his attention:

"Extraordinary occurrence at Bow street; a story for the 'Bon Bouche.'"

With an exclamation of surprise, he read the account given, ending with: "The case

will be heard this morning." The editor immediately decided to drop in on his way; the magistrate was a friend of his, and really he'd like to see the thing through.

Accordingly, when his train drew into Charing Cross station, Mr. Gregson made all speed toward Bow street. The magistrate had just arrived, and greeted him cordially.

"What's brought you here, my good fellow?"

"This," said the editor, pointing to the paper. "I'd like to know the truth about that manuscript."

"Come along, then—I must hear the charge as a matter of form, but Doctor Barton vouches for her story."

The two witnesses had also arrived, but were looking somewhat crestfallen; the reward seemed much farther off than yesterday, and they waited in dubious perplexity while the inquiry proceeded.

It did not take long. Sergeant Jones testified as to the arrest—then made way for the doctor. The latter formally declared his patient unable to appear—would the magistrate take her statement privately?

His Honor would, and in company with the doctor, made his way to her bedside.

Very few words sufficed to put the matter straight, and he expressed his deep regret for the pain and humiliation she had suffered, adding, with a kindly smile: "Perhaps it may comfort you a little to know that your story will reach its destination, after all. Mr. Gregson is my friend, and I will place it in his hands. I can't say as to its acceptance, for the ways of editors are dark—but if nothing else comes of it, you have a consolation prize in this young gentleman." He laid his hand gently on the baby's head as he spoke, then, thinking she had excitement enough, withdrew.

"The charge is dismissed," he announced, "the explanation is quite satisfactory."

The witnesses turned to go, consoled with a couple of guineas, then hesitated, grinning foolishly.

"Your honor," said one, "we'd like you to tell the lady as how we're very sorry, and wish her and her baby the compliments o' the season. You see, sir, it's a Christmas baby."

"So it is, my good fellow—well, we will all give him our good wishes."

* * * * *

Early on Christmas morning, before the

neighbors were astir, an ambulance, a trained nurse, and a fussy little doctor combined to smuggle the two patients into their proper quarters.

Mrs. Jenkins beamed with delight, and the little chamber was dainty and sweet, with here and there a sprig of holly to brighten its walls. Not exactly a merry Christmas, but certainly a happy one; and Graham, holding his child against his heart, grew stronger and more hopeful of the coming year.

Days passed, and, meanwhile, other things were happening.

In the editorial rooms of the "Bon Bouche" the readers were gradually reducing the formidable pile of manuscript resulting from the competition. Already a goodly number were awaiting the final word, when the editor himself came in, and handing a package marked "special" to the chief reader, asked him to report on it as quickly as possible.

"A remarkable story, I think, sir; do you know the writer?"

"Well, no, but I wish to serve her, and I will use the story if I can, though it came to me in a roundabout way."

The chief retired, and Mr. Gregson settled down to pass judgment on the story which had landed the writer in Bow street.

A smile of satisfaction illumined his face as he laid the manuscript down—and that same evening he called on his friend Doctor Barton.

"Wait a few days, please," said that worthy. "I don't want anything that may cause excitement yet." So the matter rested, while still other things were working together for good.

* * * * *

In a cozy room in one of the best Paris hotels, a lady and gentleman were dawdling over their late breakfast, and discussing the English mail, which had just come in. The gentleman had a soldierly bearing; the lady was plump and very pleasant to look upon. So at least her husband thought, as a sharp exclamation made him raise his eyes to her face.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Look at this," she replied, handing him a London paper. "It was an account of Mary Graham's arrest."

"Poor girl! to think of her coming to this! Oh, why did they not write to me!"

"Because they are two proud and foolish young people. Are you not sorry you encouraged that match?"

"My dear major, no. Wasn't she my dear sister's child—and he the son of my good cousin, Gerald Graham. What better match would you have, sir? Besides, were not we just as foolish?"

The major laughed. "That's true—and we have not repented yet, dear wife! We can't lecture this pair of geese—now what will you do?"

"Write to her father first—then we'll get to London as quickly as we can."

"Very well, my dear," meekly replied her husband, "you have only to command."

She knew that well, this buxom wife of Major Ellis; brave old soldier that he was, he ever yielded to her generalship in all that concerned their private life. Returning from a long command abroad, they had planned a few weeks' stay in Paris—and here she was saying "London at once."

Well, London it must be; she would not rest now till she got hold of that baby. So, while she was writing her letter the major was giving orders concerning their baggage and arranging for their departure.

The following week saw them settled in their London home, from whence the lady began to make daily pilgrimages to Fulham; a devotee to that baby's shrine.

And its fair young mother, being alternately scolded, petted and fussed over, was quietly gaining strength, and thinking wistfully, now and then, of her father. She did not know that four pages of very fluent and vigorous English were just then on their way to the man who had disowned her.

* * * * *

He did not seem to appreciate it, judging from the frown which gathered as he read the following:

"Allow me to congratulate you—on two things—a grandchild, and the place where that child was born. Perhaps, I should add a third, your gift of prophecy. I remember how you foretold that your daughter would come to the poorhouse; it is even worse, my dear sir—a police station!"

The reader squirmed. "That woman always did have a tongue," he muttered.

The sarcastic writer went on:

"When my beloved sister married you, Ralph Curtis, she thought you had a heart inside your body—but from your treatment of her child, that necessary organ seems to be changed into a money bag. May it give you joy! But do not trouble yourself as to their welfare; the major and I will see that they do not suffer—we mean to consider that baby as our own."

He burst forth in passion. "Do they—I'll see them hanged first!"

Then his head dropped—he had no right—he had repudiated her! He looked round the handsome room, so rich with all that money could buy—so bare of all that could rejoice the heart or bring light to the eyes. Bitter thoughts surged through his brain. Was it for this he had toiled and fought—beating down his competitors, and not always by fairest means?

Presently he looked up; the room seemed peopled with shadows. There, by the hearth, the firelight playing on her rich brown hair, sat a woman fair and sweet, and clasping a baby to her breast.

He covered his face again, and when he looked up once more she had vanished; in her place sat a little child, whose black frock and wistful eyes told their own tale.

Again the vision changed. Now it was a bright girl, white-robed and flushed with happy triumph; a bevy of fair graduates crowding round their friend and favorite.

Then, the journey to Europe—his high ambitions—and this!

So he brooded far into the night—and next day his haggard face told of the struggle within.

* * * * *

And a thousand leagues away the rich man's daughter was holding a little court of her own. She was convalescent; the baby was flourishing; and her husband, thanks to Doctor Barton's efforts, decidedly better. This was her first day down stairs, and a day of jubilation. An open letter lay before her, and with it a check for \$500. "An excellent story," said the letter, and the editor asked her acceptance of the enclosed check, "as a consolation prize."

Happy tears filled Mary's eyes, as she laid

the check in Graham's hand. "My first earnings, dear."

Good Mrs. Jenkins was called in to share in the rejoicing, and it was a very merry little household which Aunt Ellis found that morning.

* * * * *

Three weeks later, on a Sunday afternoon, a christening party gathered in the old church where Mary's adventures began. It was her whim, and it especially pleased Editor Gregson.

That gentleman had been holding a strenuous argument with the major, as to how many godfathers a boy might have. The rector being appealed to, said that while he was bound to have two, there was no reason why he should not have twenty if they wished. That settled it; they would all be his sponsors. So, in addition to his natural guardians, Graham and the major, Mary's boy was

vouched for by the editor, the doctor and the kindly magistrate, Mr. Everard, who proved to be a college chum of Graham's father.

"Name this child"—said the rector's sonorous voice.

"Noel Ralph." Mrs. Ellis gulped over the second name—but Mary and her husband had been firm in that wish, and for once the major had his way. "It may bring a reconciliation, dear wife," he said.

They were all to come back to dinner—said Mrs. Ellis,—“quite informal, no fuss.”

It was dusk when the party arrived, and they filed into the comfortable, firelit library. A man stood waiting by the hearth, and Mrs. Ellis went forward to greet her visitor. But Mary's eyes were keener—with a cry she rushed past, and flung herself into his outstretched arms.

"Father!"

Holding her close, he put out one hand to Graham—"My son, forgive me!"

A TICKET FOR BONNYWICKET

By Frank Monroe Beverly

SHE looked somewhat dejected,
The girl at Coalbrook did;
The agent at the window
The surging crowd kept hid—
She wanted a ticket
For Bonnywicket.

Though hard she tried to see him,
The throng had kept her back;
The more she tried to enter,
The denser grew the pack—
She'd get no ticket
For Bonnywicket.

Then helpless and appealing,
Her eyes on me she cast;
She looked like one who passes
Through trouble sharp and vast—
"I want a ticket
For Bonnywicket."

"And thus comes your dejection,
My gentle lass," I said.
"Well, I will make an effort—
This throng seems quite ill-bred—
To get a ticket
For Bonnywicket."

I pressed on to the window,
By crowding through the pack,
And saw the busy agent,
Then forced my slow way back—
I had a ticket
For Bonnywicket.

But those sweet eyes, appealing,
I thought without design,
Had fled, and left me minus
Two dollars-forty-nine!
To sell: A ticket
For Bonnywicket.

AN AMERICAN MADONNA

By Dorothy Jamieson

FELIX never knew what it was that took him into the palace that stands at the head of Copley Square in Boston. He possessed no particular taste for reading; nor the inclinations which attract people to the reading room of a great public library.

But he knew why he went there again and again and became one of the regular habitués. He always took the same place and picked up the same magazine,—and as yet had never read an article. Over the reading desks, he saw the same sweet face, bending over the magazine devoted to genealogy.

Felix Grausbeck spent his days bending over and retouching half-tones for a Boston engraving house. He might have seen some of his painstaking work in the local magazines in that reading room, but he never looked for them.

As he had been accustomed to spend his evenings with some of his confreres, attending the music halls, and having an occasional late supper, his absence was soon a matter of comment.

"What's the matter with you, Felix?" they asked. "We miss you—you used to be half the fun!"

"Oh, I've other fish to fry," he replied.

Then they looked wisely at each other and jocosely remarked, "Oh, it's a girl, isn't it?"

Thereupon Felix feigned indignation and truthfully asserted "I haven't spoken to a girl for months."

They believed him, for everyone believed Felix then, with quite the same finality with which they distrusted nine-tenths of the others.

Then it became a matter of course, that Felix should not be one of the number of released artisans, seeking pleasure and spending a little money each evening in the cheap haunts of amusement.

As the months passed, Felix found he had a fund of unspent wages, growing monthly bigger. It began to look good to him, and

one day, at noontime, he sought out a savings bank and placed it in its care.

Each evening he was apparently one of the most studious of the sedate gathering in the handsome granite building. He only took occasional glances at the sweet, round face across the far distance over the reading desks. He knew its every line, every curve of the pure, white brow, and each golden cluster that fell over it in careless curls.

Felix was very discreet in his worship—for such it came to be. It purified his life, and increased his sense of manliness. But if ever the eyes wandered over in his direction, he quickly became absorbed in his magazine. He never met her eyes. He wished he knew whether they were blue or not. They certainly should be. He would probably have looked into them earlier in his adoration, but she became each day a holier thing to him.

He carried the picture home with him, and it merged into his dreams. Then the same face grew into his heart deeper and deeper, and was with him in his mental vision, as he bent over his work at the engraving desk assigned to him in the great room of workers.

Sometimes he would tuck a sandwich into his drawer, and while the others were out for the luncheon hour, he wrought the familiar lineaments on copper. It was several months before it was finished, and he secured an impression. It was a beautiful piece of engraving, but it did not suit him. He became very critical of his work, when she was the subject. So he bought another piece of copper and started again.

But it more than satisfied another. The thief suspected that Felix had more than common talent. Coming one day earlier than usual, he had seized the plate and the proof. During the noon hour he showed it to a dealer in engravings, who knew. He gave him fifty dollars for it. It was like buying diamonds at the rate paid for opals.

Felix missed the plate and a terrible fear possessed him. It was not that he dreamed that it had any value as a work of art that troubled him. Others knew his secret, and some day they would make coarse jokes over it. He felt he could not endure to have any reference to her made by the tongues of his confrères. He did not know what he would do, but the very thought of it hurt him cruelly.

But the days passed and nothing came of it. He was working on the other plate in the rare moments when he could be alone. He had secured a lock for the drawer to his desk, and this would not go like the other. It pleased him better, too, for the lines were more delicate, and the oval, enclosing the madonna-like face, was more soft and fine, like her. He put many hours into the finishing of it. Then he did what he had not done to the other, signed it in delicate, hair-like lines—"Felix Grausbeck."

Felix did not know it, but the thief had also signed the stolen copy, and when the dealer had purchased it he had lost no time in having his treasure copyrighted. Then he put it away until the holiday season should come, and he would have a grand sale in Boston, New York, and throughout the country.

When Felix had taken a copy of the engraving, he felt it was so much better than the first that he would have it framed very nicely and hung in his room. He took it to the dealer who had bought the first plate. He was the best art dealer in the city, and Felix resolved that he would have the best frame of the best dealer in the city.

He showed it to the dealer himself. His face flushed with anger and his words startled Felix off his feet.

"Where did you get this?"

It was an unexpected question, and Felix's hesitation in finding an answer was damaging.

"No wonder you can't answer. *You stole it.* You have stolen a copy of my plate, young man! You've walked right in here to be caught in the act."

"I made it myself."

"I do not doubt it. That is the only way you could get it, young man. *You engraved it on copper, and copied the work of the man who made it for me.* Or else, he has been faithless and made another which you have bought of him. We will see."

He rang the call for the messenger boy.

"You remain here, young man. If you attempt to go, I shall be obliged to send for an officer."

Felix was greatly distressed. He knew he was going to see the thief, who had taken his first plate, but it gave him no satisfaction to feel that his own guilt would be disproven as he thought. It was bitter for him to have to see the man, who knew that he had copied *her* face. But it was a strangling grief for him to think that, if he had not come in time it would have been sold like common pictures over the counter.

Felix was thinking these thoughts when his fellow worker entered the store. It was a sad amazement to him to find that the person had been one of his most admiring friends in the days before he had gone to the reading room and discovered the divinity who had all unconsciously changed his life. But he had not yet sensed the biting treachery of the fellow.

He did not see Felix when he entered. But he knew what it meant in a flash as soon as the dealer held the picture before him. He was severe with him in the beginning.

"This is the way you sell all your rights in an engraving, is it? You have apparently improved on your first plate. What have you to say for yourself?"

A pallor spread slowly over his face as he saw it, and then he saw Felix and the color of fear was replaced with the crimson of shame. But in an instant he had decided on the role he was to play.

"This fellow must have stolen it, sir. We work at the same place. He has been staying in noontimes, when we have been away to lunch. It's clear enough. He has been copying my work."

Felix was stunned, but only for a moment. Then a great cloud of wrath came over him. He rushed forward, his heart bursting with righteous, passionate anger, and seized the fellow by the throat. The dealer and his clerks had all they could do to save his life, and the officer was summoned.

"He's made a murderous assault on this man here," the dealer explained to the officer, "and you may arrest him on that charge. Tomorrow I shall have a warrant for his arrest on the charge of grand larceny."

Poor Felix was roughly escorted to the nearest signal post, followed by the usual noontime crowd of curious, jeering, pitying

humanity. It was a relief to him when the van came and he was hurried to police headquarters. He buried his face in his hands, while his frame shook with grief—not for himself. There seemed no way for him to save her from being sold and bartered. It seemed to him as if her picture were herself; as if through him she were being held up for the idle world to stare at, as if she were some popular idol of the footlights. His own very serious predicament had not yet come over him with the force of its reality.

The next morning, just before he was to be taken to the municipal court, another officer appeared before him and read the formal charge of grand larceny.

"We don't often do it in this way, young man," the officer was at the pains to say. "If every thief would walk right in and be caught as you did, our life would be a great deal easier."

Felix made no reply. To be arrested on the charge of murderous assault and for grand larceny was almost unendurable, but the one great affliction that ate into his heart and almost made him beside himself, was his powerlessness to save the one he worshipped from being insulted by the public gaze, to be bought by men, and hung in their rooms, to be copied on cigar boxes, perhaps. There seemed nothing he could do, and he blindly resolved he would say nothing about it to anyone.

When he appeared in the courtroom, he saw his accuser and his employer. The latter came over to him.

"Felix, did you do that? Did you steal that picture? You are the last person, my boy, who could have done it,—but you have been so unlike yourself, so moody, and have remained in the room when the others were out at noon, that it looks black for you. Tell me all about it."

But Felix was dumb, and the tears crept out of his eyes and rolled down his cheeks. He dared not open his mouth, for fear some chance word of his would make it still harder for him to save the girl he loved.

Then a lawyer came over and talked with him, asking him several questions, and appearing to take a great deal of interest in the case. When he had asked Felix if he had any money, his interest was a great deal keener as he learned the amount he had in the bank.

"I think if I had one or two hundred dollars I could save you, young man."

Then a ray of hope darted into Felix's heart. Perhaps he could save her. He asked the lawyer if he would keep his secret if he told him.

"Always make a clean breast of it to your lawyer," the latter admonished.

Then Felix poured out his heart to him.

"I don't care for myself, sir; but perhaps the dealer would sell the plate to you, and then she never will know how wicked I've been to engrave her face without her knowledge."

The lawyer was not an admiring listener to what he regarded as a very unlikely story, and at best a very foolish way of looking at the present predicament in which Felix was placed. But he was willing to have Felix endorse over the entire amount of his savings to him and promised to see the dealer.

"But what you had better do first, my young friend, is to get out of the hole you are in. I can have your case put off on the plea that we have undoubted evidence which will free you. Then I will see the young woman, myself."

Felix turned white to the lips. "No, no!" he cried. "It would kill me to have her know that—"

The lawyer interrupted in apparent disgust. "Well, you know, young man, if you are going to act in this way, I, nor anyone else, can do very little for you. I'll get your case delayed first anyway. Then I'll go over to the bank and see about this money, and sometime this afternoon I'll run down to Charles Street and have another session with you. You see that your old man knows that either you or the other fellow is a thief, so he doesn't quite feel like bailing you out. You appear to be the most likely candidate of the two," he said with brutal frankness.

Felix pleaded not guilty, when arraigned. He spoke faintly and his appearance was sadly in his disfavor. His lawyer and *soi-disant* friend talked with one of the reporters and gave him the particulars he had gleaned.

"I don't take any stock in his story," he said. "It's very thin, and he tells it as if he had not quite learned the lines. I reckon he'll go up for sentence in the end."

The reporter had seen the proof of the picture, and wrote up a good story of how two engravers of uncommon skill had made a copper plate of the same subject, and how

neatly the real thief had been caught. He did not even allude to the real heart story which showed his incapacity for sensing news of "real human interest."

For the sake of having done as his client had requested, the lawyer sauntered into the dealer's store—after he had been to the bank and withdrawn all the money Felix had been able to save, just because he saw the pure, sweet face in the Boston public library.

"I'm that young fellow's lawyer," he began, "the boy who tried to steal the engraving you had bought of one of his companions. Would you mind letting me see it?"

The dealer complied. "I should think you lawyers would hate your job—trying to subvert justice in keeping such people out of jail."

"Oh, he'll go to jail all right, I guess. Jove! she is a beaut, isn't she? This young feller's got a little money,—and puts up a bluff that he would like to buy this plate—"

"It would cost him about \$2,000 down. If the public takes to that work, as I think it will, I will make a handsome thing. But it's all guess work, what the public will do. So I'd call it quits for two thousand dollars down. Guess I won't get it today, will I?"

"Well, not exactly this morning. But I'll engage one of these, to hang in my office."

"Very well, they are five dollars. We shall only make a thousand of them. I'm going to use the plate this chap did—copying from the feller that sold it to me in the first place. It's a great deal finer work; and do you know, when a young man with the genius that boy has gets crooked they generally end in counterfeiting? He would have rounded up in state prison some time anyway."

"Yes, I suppose so. There's lots of his kind there. It's my business to try and save him,—just to go through the motions, so to speak."

The lawyer might have more truthfully explained that it was his business to hang around the municipal court just to find young thieves in the green, so that he might shear them of whatever they possessed before the prison doors closed behind them.

Despair—blackest despair—came to Felix Grausbeck that afternoon, when his lawyer told him the result of his visit to the art dealer.

"Either you, or the other feller did a good job when you made that engraving. It's a

stunner, and no mistake. But it's funny how few real brains you geniuses have! I wish I had the same talent—with my business sense. Now, I wouldn't bother about that girl story. No one would believe it, anyway, and if it's true, any girl would be flattered to have her picture as popular as hers will be. It's the best advertisement she could have. We'd best see what we can do to get you out of this mess. You don't seem to realize it—but there doesn't seem to be a shred of evidence in your favor. I've been to the bank and you told the truth there. I am sorry there isn't more, but as far as this will go, I'm willing to use my influence with the judge. In the meantime, see if you can't patch up some better yarn."

The case was postponed for some weeks; after the arraignment in the municipal court. It was put aside to await the decision of the grand jury, as the charge of grand larceny required, and Felix had abundant time for meditation. Had he been a trifle less scrupulous in his sacred regard for the sweet divinity, whose name even he did not know, he would have given some consideration to his own desperate position. As it was, he had not a friend in the world to give him a hint of the way out of his troubles. The shyster lawyer had all his money; his employer, really a good man, and interested in the welfare of his workers, naturally sympathized with the one who appeared as the injured party. As the thief was now credited with the production of a copper plate engraving of more than ordinary merit, he was glad to have been his employer, and promptly raised his salary, and watched closely lest he should lose him. It seemed the wisest part and most just, that he should leave Felix to his fate—that of a promising young workman ruined at the threshold of his life.

Little by little, as the days passed, Felix became more conscious of the predicament he was in. But it is doubtful if he would have ever consented to send for the unique cause of his difficulties, even with the prison walls before him.

Only those possessed of a rare temperament like his, have the gift of suffering the keenest agony for the sake of those they love. The time of the wholesale holiday buying of midsummer was in its flower. In New York and elsewhere the art dealer found ready purchasers for the gem, and his fondest ex-

pectations were realized. The full number of the limited first impression was sold, and only the opening of the Christmas shopping delayed the hour, when the girl with the sweet, madonna-like face would adorn the window displays.

Felix was unhappily unaware of this. It might have spurred him on to some open act to prevent it, if he had. He thought of various ways to save the girl. He found his keeper a sympathetic person, and had imagined that he might go to the young woman herself, and, without letting her know of what Felix regarded as his own perfidy, inform her of the impending fate of her picture. It seemed to him the most feasible plan—but with the procrastination of his artistic nature, he put it off.

The session of the grand jury, early in September, made short work of the case of Felix Grausbeck. His lawyer had spoken quite correctly, when he referred to his part in the tragedy as "going through the motions." His defense was merely perfunctory. There were no witnesses he could present, had he wished to. His fee had consisted in all that Felix had in the world, and there was nothing more to gain. Felix was indicted for grand larceny, and remanded to jail for trial.

He had suffered too much of agony, for the added certainty of his impending fate to increase it. Those who knew him gave him over to the inevitable, and regarded him as practically serving out his sentence. Not even the newspapers regarded the announcement as worthy of more than the two lines, for the formal statement that he had been indicted for grand larceny.

* * * * *

"Ellen, *Ellen!* Do look here. If you want to see yourself, looking truly angelic, come and see this picture."

Miss Eager picked her way gingerly across the snowy pavement and looked over the speaker's shoulder.

"I suppose that might be said to look like me," she said.

"Like you! It's photographic in its exactness. It's the way I've seen you hundreds of times, when you look thoughtful or tired, with a hard day's work on the editorial staff of 'The Woman's Star.'"

"I should consider it somewhat flattering, Julia, if I had sat for it."

"Really, Ellen, I must have one. Now, if you would only accept Donald Grey's periodical offers of marriage, I would present it to him for Christmas. As it is, I shall have one for myself—if they don't cost too much."

They entered the shop, and the dealer himself came to serve them.

"How much is that engraving, 'An American Madonna'?"

"Seven dollars," he answered. "There are only a few left of this first impression, and the price has been advanced from five dollars."

Then he looked up and saw Ellen Eager's face. Felix Grausbeck's discredited story flashed across his mind, and his face kindled with interest. But he made no comment.

"It resembles my friend so much that I wanted to buy it; but the price is much more than I feel I can afford."

"It will probably be worth more before the season is closed," he replied. "It is becoming the rage, and you may have read what the art critics have been saying regarding the remarkable genius, whose 'American Madonna' has given him a reputation while he is yet in his teens?"

"I do not read the art criticisms. But, Ellen, you must have read it."

"Yes, I saw something about it in 'The Transcript.' I think I'll take one."

"There is an interesting story in connection with it," the dealer added. "It is almost a romance. There is a young boy who will soon go to prison for copying this."

Then he went on with a more detailed account of Felix Grausbeck's crime and told his lawyer's story not without design, watching the original of the picture with more than ordinary interest. His own share of the profits of Felix Grausbeck's work had softened him to his plight, and he felt that if there were any truth in the story he would be glad to aid in the solution of the mystery.

Ellen Eager's face paled as she listened to the story. She remembered, in an impersonal way, seeing the young intense face in the opposite corner of the reading room when she was looking over the genealogical magazines, to get notes for the department devoted to that subject, in the magazine for which she worked.

"Where is he now?" she gasped.

"In jail, where he has been for some time. His trial comes off this month. Sad case, isn't

it? Of course I don't want to be inquisitive, Miss; I'm only interested in having the real thief suffer. But if you knew him—"

"I never knew him," Miss Eager replied with truthful decision, and summoning what composure she could muster, she paid for the copy and hurriedly left the store.

"It's a remarkable story, Ellen," her friend remarked. "If it were true, you wouldn't feel very nice, would you?"

"No," she replied, and their morning shopping ended in silence.

But the dealer thought he detected signs of truth of the tale in Miss Eager's face and wrote a note to the proprietor of the engraving establishment, admonishing him to keep an eye on the young man who sold the copper plate.

Miss Ellen Eager had a thousand little things to attend to that afternoon in preparing the New Year's announcement of "The Woman's Star." She had to write it over several times and when she had given it to the manager, he returned it, with several reminders in blue pencil, that satisfied her that her mind was far from being in a tractable condition.

She breathed a sigh of relief when the day's work was over. She did not go to the palace in Copley Square that evening. Closely veiled, she walked rapidly past it, and hastened to that portion of Charles Street, Boston, where live those who suffer, sometimes for their own crimes, and occasionally for those of others.

It was that hour of the day which was always saddest to Felix when he remembered that he used to sit at the desk and see the face of "The American Madonna." He little realized that the madonna herself was doing an act which was quite in character.

* * * * *

"We do not allow visitors at this time," the keeper said.

"But I must see him. He is innocent, I'm sure, and I shall have no peace until I have one look at his face. Oh, sir, it means so much to the poor fellow."

"Well, it's against the rules—but he's such a nice young chap—and he suffers so

much! I haven't the heart—I'll let you just have a minute. Come, I'd love to have him saved. Poor boy—he's almost ill—"

Ellen Eager followed him rapidly down the corridor between the cells.

"If I don't unlock his door, I don't suppose it will be breaking the rules. I'll just push the grating aside and you may look in between the bars."

The unaccustomed approach of steps had roused Felix from a doze, and as the grating moved he raised himself on his elbow. Faintly in the half darkness he saw the *face*—the face that had been his greatest joy and his intensest suffering. He gave one exulting cry and fell back in a dead faint.

The keeper forgot the regulations and quickly unlocked the door, and entered with his visitor.

"You must let me stay until he recovers consciousness," she said insistently. "He must know tonight that we can prove he is innocent,—that—"

Felix opened his eyes at the sound of her voice. It was quite the same sweet voice that he knew it would be, and as he looked closer, he found the eyes were the kind of blue he had hoped they would be—dark and lustrous, with the fire of opals.

His white, wasted fingers closed passionately over her's.

"It has come to pass, just as I knew it would—as it must," he murmured. "How I have waited, dreamed and prayed! And I never doubted it. You would save me, in some way!"

Then he suddenly lifted himself from his pallet. "Can you ever forgive me—for doing it—for—"

"For making me famous? Yes, poor boy. But what it has cost you! I—"

"It was nothing; if I could see you—and be forgiven. If I could tell you that I have—"

"Come!" said the keeper.

"There is another day coming—yes, very soon. Another day—Christmas day, Felix. Now, we are breaking the rules!"

Felix kissed the hand as Ellen drew it reluctantly away, and in a moment the iron door slammed into its place.



A PORTION OF THE LABOR PARADE IN THE STRIKE OF TWO YEARS AGO

BRIGHT SIDE OF PACKINGTOWN

By Mary Humphrey

DURING the year just drawing to a close, the public has been generously supplied with a variety of information regarding affairs at the Union stockyards and packing houses in Chicago. As a natural result of the frequently exaggerated situation, much confusion has arisen as to the real condition of the 45,000 persons living within the three square miles south and west of the yards—the neighborhood now generally known as Packingtown—the majority of whom are directly dependent upon the packers for their very existence. The notion has gained no inconsiderable credence that they are, without exception, a pauperized, discontented lot of humanity, underpaid, underfed and habitually unhappy.

Now the cheap optimist who goes smiling through life with his head above the clouds,

can always say, "I see nothing wrong anywhere." The pessimist's point of view, on the other hand, is equally distorted, for he is blinded to everything save the dull grays of existence, its hardness and its unevenness. Everything is out of joint, and he lets his riotous imagination loose in frenzied, and frequently unjust, accusation. The man of the broadest vision and keenest sympathy, is he who realizes that even though the warp and woof of life is more often than not woven in sombre colors, there is always a golden thread in the pattern. It is this man who rather sanely concludes that Mr. Upton Sinclair, or anyone else that comes forward and says unreservedly of the people of Packingtown that "he is able to find no ray of sunshine to brighten the lives of these people save such as they are able to get out of drunkenness,"

is either an impractical idealist, a candidate for the blue spectacle fraternity, or is seeking to turn on, in full flame, the searchlight of sensationalism.

This Packingtown community is, in the

shoulder and a few cents in his pocket, is not likely to be morbidly unhappy simply because he is poor, or even because of bad smells and ugly surroundings. A reasonably prosperous American finds it rather difficult to under-



Photo by Howe & Arthur, Chicago

THE FRONT ROOM OF A PACKINGTON HOME OCCUPIED BY A FAMILY OF FIVE. A FATHER AND THREE GROWN CHILDREN CONTRIBUTE TO ITS SUPPORT

most dignified sense of the word, an industrial community. It is *not* pauperized. It is *not* a slum. Throughout the entire neighborhood there is evident a self-respecting attitude that says as plainly as any words: "We do not want your pity or your charity. We simply want work." And they have journeyed across the seas to get it—these frugal, industrious, hopefully ambitious people. From mountainous districts and little villages and quiet hillsides, where the landscape is green and picturesque and beautiful, they come—to the Chicago stockyards! The comparison has an ugly sound. Yet the man whose people for centuries before him have been hopeless peasants, and whose worldly possessions when he reaches Chicago consist often enough of a suit of clothes, the little pack slung over his

stand how seven, eight, or even ten and twelve dollars a week may be the sole financial support of an entire family. But the problem presents fewer difficulties to the foreigner—in spite of the higher cost of living here—who can earn at a trade in his native land only from twenty-five to fifty cents per day, and from twenty-five to fifty dollars per year (including board) at farm labor. To look at his condition fairly, however, one must take into consideration not only the fact that he has always lived on the very lowest scale, but also the changed environment into which he now is placed.

A new start awaits him here—better wages, greater freedom, a chance to earn a home. Such opportunities he never could even dream of under the crushing wheel of serfdom.

Also, it should be added, there are greater temptations.

A visitor to the village back of the yards walks through broad streets lined with frame cottages, most of them two stories high. Do not look for tenements; you will find none, though there are plenty of dingy basements and undesirable dwelling-places. The whole partakes of a frontier appearance, and, with the exception of the stores on Ashland avenue, the banks, the public school buildings, the University of Chicago Settlement House and some of the churches, one is impressed with the newness, the really temporary aspect of everything. The distance between houses is considerable, there is usually a small patch of yard, front and back, and here and there, in summer, a bright bit of garden greets the eye. Flowers and vegetables thus demonstrate their ability to exist, even in smoky Packingtown. To be sure, these little plots are not always the perfection of cleanliness. But, as one busy mother, more optimistic than orderly, remarked in her broken ver-

nacular: "It's better than no yard at all; and Joseph plays more safe inside the gate instead of all times by the street."

This outward impression of space, however, is rather misleading. For almost invariably not one, but several families, live under the same roof, and sometimes as many as six or even eight persons sleep in a room. The congested condition is most apparent during periods of extreme heat in summer, when everyone seeks escape from the unbearable within, and far into the night all outdoors fairly vibrates with suffering humanity. This is, of course, true of any overcrowded community, a difference being that while in slum districts there are solid blocks of tenements, where sidewalk and street and roof are the only refuge, dwellers in Packingtown find at least a degree more of relief because of the yards and the house separation, with the consequent greater circulation of air. Yet, in spite of the crowded condition, it has recently been pointed out that the average number of persons per acre



Photo by Howe & Arthur, Chicago

A HOME OF THE VERY POOREST TYPE. THIS ROOM IS OCCUPIED BY TWO MARRIED COUPLES AND THEIR CHILDREN. THE INCOME OF EACH MAN, BOTH OF WHOM ARE EMPLOYED AS COMMON LABORERS IN THE STOCKYARDS, IS ABOUT \$9 PER WEEK

in this district, is not one-fourth the number to the acre in portions of the lower east side of New York.

Every household in Packingtown is astir



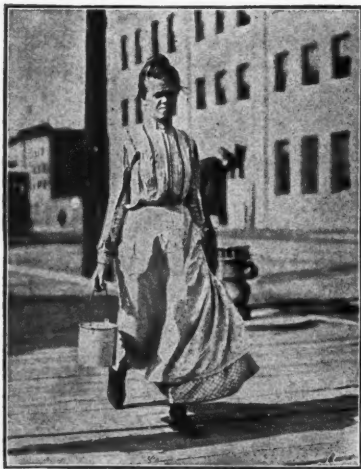
A SLAVIC FATHER

bright and early in the morning, and by six o'clock the army of workers begins to emerge from the homes and to make its way to the yards. It is a most unusual, interesting sight, this procession of types—from twenty to thirty thousand men and women, youths and girls. Irish, German, Bohemian, Pole, Lithuanian, Slovak, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Finn, Welsh, Scotch—in fact, representatives of almost every nationality are of the number. And, as they chatter together along the way, bound by the common tie of honest toil, many a laugh rings out upon the morning air.

About ninety per cent of the stockyards workers are men and boys. The remaining ten per cent consists for the most part of unmarried women and girls who have reached the law-prescribed working age. The average mother in Packingtown is chiefly occupied at home. Hers are the usual duties of the laboring man's wife, varied somewhat, of course, according to the size and circumstances of her family. But at best there are the simple meals to be prepared, perhaps a cold lunch or two to be put up, the children to be looked after, the marketing to be done, and always the inevitable scrubbing. When

you meet them on the street Packingtown women are never laden with great piles of clothing to "finish." This is not the vicinity of the sweat-shop. You will see them carrying an armful of wood, or perhaps a great canvas bag of it, which they have picked up here and there about the yards. It costs nothing, and many a family has no other fuel than this. You will see them coming from market, or going to the nearest saloon for a pail of beer, or carrying the baby out for an airing. And, as the thirty-minute noon respite approaches, not a few of them, having prepared their own mid-day meal, hurry to the yards, bearing in one hand a pailful of steaming hot dinner. Now and then you will notice, almost enviously, a lace-trimmed garment, a gorgeously embroidered apron or kerchief or shawl—the product of leisure moments at home. It is for her marvelous skill in the so-called home industries that the Slavic woman is famed.

The custom of taking boarders is quite general in Packingtown, since it is a comparatively easy means of helping pay expenses or of adding to the family bank-account. Board and room, (which includes simple fare and a corner to sleep in) and washing, can be had as low as nine dollars



THE HUSBAND MUST HAVE A HOT DINNER

a month. Fully as popular a plan is to pay three dollars a month for sleeping accommodations and washing, and the little a la

carte privilege of each day ordering cooked, whatever one wants on his bill of fare—each individual boarder's account to be settled by him monthly at the grocery and meat market where the thrifty housewife does his buying. She, it may be remembered in passing, is a firm believer in simple methods and labor-saving devices. Various small portions of meat, for instance, are cooked in the same pot, but to prevent any possible mistake that

ness has to be reckoned with. Lastly comes the period of greatest prosperity, when the father still works on and saves, while the children are old enough to contribute their share—and the longed-for home at last becomes a reality. The passion for saving money, universal among them, is not so much cupidity as it is the desire for a home and the comforts that the word typifies. One sees this brought out in the fullest and most beau-



Photo by Howe & Arthur, Chicago

A TYPICAL STREET IN PACKINGTOWN

might arise through such a method, an ingenious system of identification is employed. One man's order is tied with a thread, another with a string, still another will be pierced with a toothpick, and so on.

There are three periods in the home life of these emigrant families. The first covers the interval from marriage up to the coming of the first baby or two. Then a few dollars go a long way. But when the family is still further increased, and the children need food and clothing, and there is no one to earn money but the father, making ends meet becomes a serious problem, even when no sick-

tiful way. All the breaking of kindred ties, the struggles and hardships, the economy and industry, count for nothing if only that precious goal can be reached. Many a man has relatives or friends in the old country, waiting anxiously until he can send back enough money to pay their way across.

Forty per cent of the stockyards laborers are skilled workers, and of these the majority own their own homes. Many of these are surprisingly comfortable and well furnished. Of those who show the greatest ability, as a class, for getting on, Germans, Bohemians and Poles undoubtedly head the

list. Not a few are also owners of other property, the rent from which brings them a steady income. A Polish family who have been in this country for six years, recently paid \$1,500 cash for two lots and a house.



IN AN ALLEY

A particularly industrious Lithuanian came here eight years ago without a dollar, earning at first but three dollars a week. Today he owns two houses and lots and has \$3,000 in the bank. The eleven years savings of a Bohemian father, together with the contributions of a daughter who works in the yards, and two sons who play for dancing parties, amounted to \$1,700. A thousand of this went for two lots, and enough was borrowed from a building and loan association to add to the remaining \$700 for a home. The cost of a twenty-four by twenty-five feet lot today averages about \$600. For land a buyer almost invariably gives cash, but, according to the statement of a real estate dealer, the majority go into a building and loan association to pay for their homes. Innumerable other instances similar to those just cited are on record, yet it must be borne in mind that for everyone of these there is a corresponding story of continued struggle and trial and hardship. There are homes which bespeak the most squalid compromise with want. The widow and the fatherless, and the families where sickness abides, where drunkenness and idleness work havoc—they are all to be

found in Packingtown. For it is but a little corner of the great wide world.

In and near Packingtown are six banks—The Union Stockyards State Bank, The People's Trust & Savings Bank, The Stockyards Savings Bank, The Chicago City Bank, and the Englewood State Bank. On deposit among them, five million dollars stand to the credit of the working people of the stockyards. This statement is exclusive of office help. Savings deposits are received from a dollar up, although forty per cent of these depositors attain the dignity of a checking account. On a recent day I sat for an hour in one of these banks, watching the people come and go. Clearly the majority were of the laboring class—most of them men, some women, and a few young men and girls. Not one of them drew out a cent. They were either depositing or arranging to send money to the old country. One man, it was explained to me, was ordering that twenty dollars of his twenty-six-dollar pay check (it represented two weeks' work) should go to a friend in Lithuania, whom he had urged to join him.

Over against this powerful five million dollar fact, some might set the one that employment in the yards is irregular and uncertain. Each morning from three to five thousand men go away disappointed because there is no work for them. It is easy to understand



COMING FROM MARKET

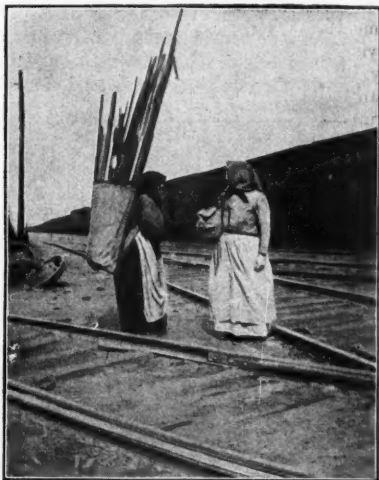
that this condition of affairs is demoralizing, and that the families of such men must necessarily live near neighbors to poverty. Yet it is true that the average wage at the stockyards is higher than that paid in the other

industries, and that they work more days regularly here than in any ordinary manufacturing concern that has its seasons. Any laboring man who works by the day seldom has a steady job. He lives a catch-as-catch-can existence.

The packers explain that this irregularity of work cannot be avoided, because of the irregularity of the cattle shipments. And, furthermore, it should be understood that the figures just quoted, not only represent the unemployed among a large community, but also that in this number may be many raw recruits from the old country, as well as those who, through sickness or drunkenness, or other reasons, have been obliged to leave one department and are seeking work in another.

The proportion of saloons in Packingtown is about one to every forty voters. They are the social and political centers for the men. To quote one who is thoroughly familiar with life in the neighborhood, "The saloonkeeper and ward politician are the interpreters of American institutions. The saloon is often an employment bureau and a bank where checks can be cashed." It is true that practically this same condition exists in various other industrial communities of the United States, such as mining and factory towns; that the saloon is here looked upon as a reputable business house and is not classed with the ordinary rough saloon which people have

and that the keepers are members of the church in good and regular standing. Even these slightly modifying conditions, however, cannot materially alter the real seriousness of the situation, and whether you choose to



GATHERING FREE FUEL FROM THE YARDS

believe that the discouragement consequent upon lack of work causes most of the drunkenness, or whether the drunkenness is, in large measure an encourager of idleness, this fact remains—the saloon influence is undoubtedly the greatest menace to the lives of these people, morally as well as industrially.

The idea seems to be quite general that the unpleasant odors from the stockyards in some way affect the physical welfare of the people, but more than one physician has given an emphatically contrary opinion on this point. There are, of course, the overcrowded sleeping rooms to be reckoned with; the smoke, the neighborhood around Bubbly Creek, with its constantly escaping carbonic acid gas, and the fact that cleanliness is not always held next to godliness. But while changes for the better along these lines are being worked for and hoped for, it is cheering to know that this ward does not show as high a death rate as do some other wards in Chicago, and that it is only a trifle greater than that in Hyde Park.

These transplanted Europeans are mild-mannered and possessed of great self-control, so long as they feel no sense of injustice.



OUT SHOPPING

in mind when the word is mentioned; that wives and children go there to buy beer for the family; that all foreigners are given to drinking; that riotous drunkenness is no longer the rule, save perhaps on special occasions such as weddings, feast days, etc.,

When law and order come to them in a beneficent way they abide by it. This characteristic was forcibly brought out in the strike of two years ago, when 22,000 persons were out of work. In their big labor parade, men, women and children marched for hours, displaying not a sign of violence or lack of dignity. These people are full of sentiment. A strong streak of affection runs through their natures; they are passionately fond of music;

tell you I must have it!" Hurried arrangements were made to send him and his family to a little Michigan town—yet he stopped in the midst of his excitement to inquire, "But is there a Polish church there? And a school where my children can go?"

The necessity and value of education seem in a measure to be recognized, and the majority of parents wish their children to go to school—at least up to a certain age. The



Photo by Howe & Arthur, Chicago

AN EXAMPLE OF HOMES OWNED BY STOCKYARDS WORKERS

they are religious—almost solidly Roman Catholic. The exception are chiefly Bohemian, a portion of whom, having revolted from Catholicism, are known as Free Thinkers. A dozen churches are scattered throughout Packingtown, and on Sunday practically the entire population attends service. To these humble folk, a person who has no church affiliations is unthinkable. A Polish man who could hardly speak English and who had been out of work for more than six weeks, went in desperation to one whom he thought could help him, and kept exclaiming, in a fairly violent tone, "I must have work! I

following extract from a report of the University of Chicago Settlement is typical of the general attitude of mind. "A few years ago the educational committee of the Polish Alliance, wishing to learn on what subjects its members desired to have lectures, put the question to a vote. The majority voted, first for American history, and then for Polish history and literature, proving that these most clannish of foreigners are transferring their patriotism from the old to the new home."

The public school, the settlement, and the parks of the neighborhood—which will be spoken of more at length in another article—

have come to be important factors in the lives of the community. People separated by barriers of race, education and language, need a common bond of interest, both educationally and socially. These institutions, with their varied and extended activities, are supplying such a need.

A comparison between the THEN and NOW of Packingtown scores on the side of the social optimist. A few years ago, a child could be drowned in a ditch and nobody be the wiser as to its fate. Today, such a thing is impossible. Now the people, on an average, have better morals, better homes, better furniture, better clothing, better everything. Choose at random a hundred immigrant residents. Ask each one if he would like to go back and live in his country under the same conditions that he left, and ninety-nine will give you an emphatic "No." As one man expressed it to the writer—"We at least get a chance here. Over there no chance."

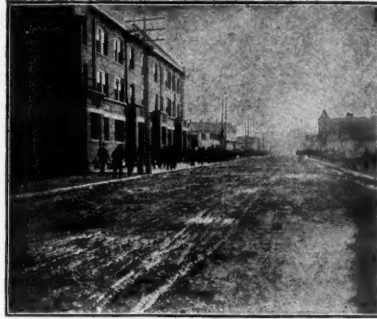
Spencer's idea that the first step toward a man's success in life is to acquire that which will make him self-supporting, is exactly the theory upon which the dwellers in Packingtown are working, though perhaps all uncon-

sciously. And what more would we desire for them—with their ability and their heredity? Surely not professorships—at one jump—or fortunes, or homes on a boulevard.

An opportunity of getting on is half the battle. They have this opportunity in Packingtown; and they have it solely because of the business enterprise of Mr. Armour and Mr. Swift and the other packers. There is no getting around facts. While the packers

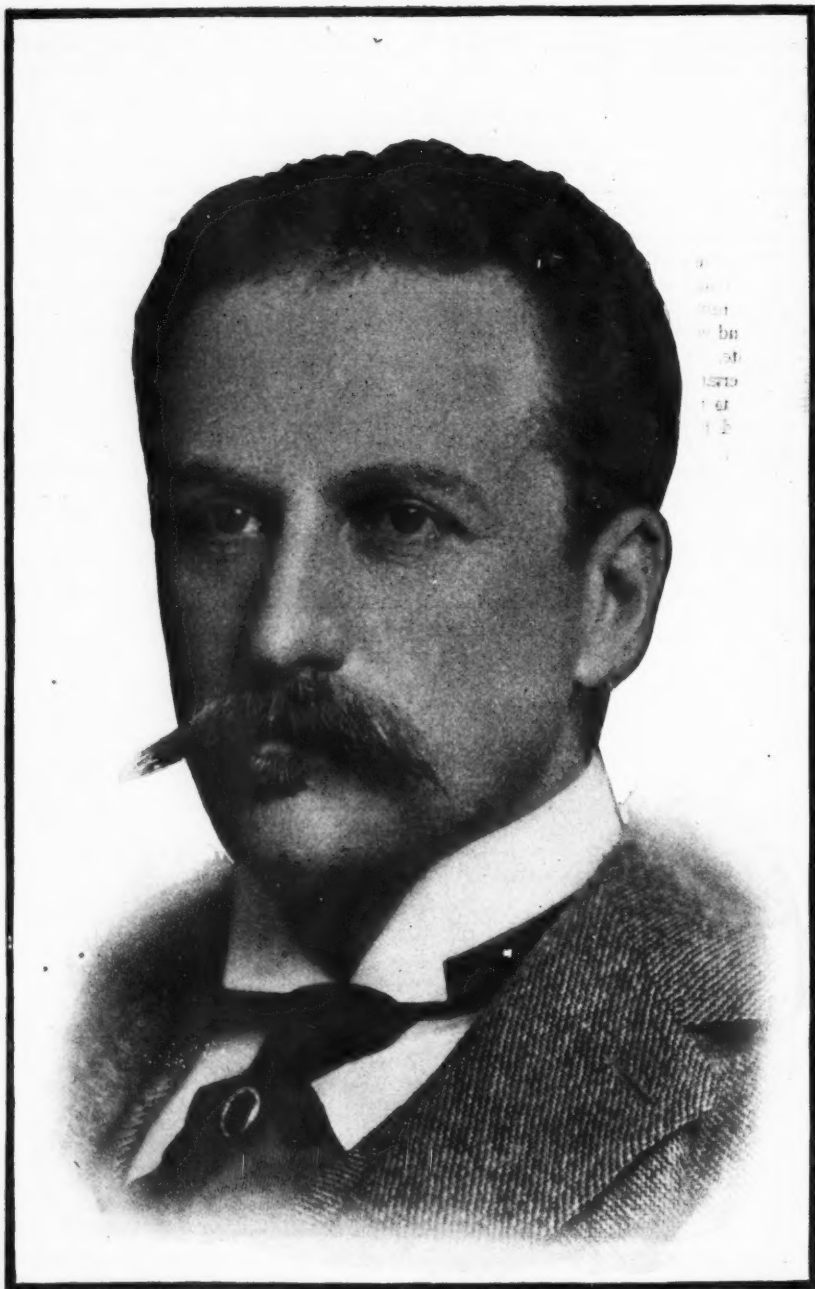
have been building up a gigantic industry, they have also been creating a beneficent institution which supports an entire community—providing their homes, giving them comforts, sometimes even luxuries, educating their children, opening up the way for still greater progress. And these people are, by reason of their opportunity, slowly but surely pull-

ing themselves up, it is not too much to say that they are enjoying the process. It is not too much to say that, in general, they are happy and contented, thankful for a material condition that is better than they have ever before known, and hopeful of a future that may enable their children to become equipped for the world of achieving from which they themselves have ever been barred.



GOING TO WORK, AT 6 A.M. AT THE LEFT IS THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO SETTLEMENT HOUSE





ROBERT BACON, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, AND PROMINENT IN THE ADJUSTMENT OF THE CUBAN DIFFICULTIES

THE MYSTERIOUS POWDER

By Harry J. Sinclair

MY duties as superintendent of police and detectives in one of the important districts of India, had so worn me out physically and mentally, that I had obtained sick leave, and went to "Merrie England" to recuperate. I was accompanied by my Hindu servant who had become very much attached to me in consequence of my having saved his life. He was a well educated native, and a great believer in the mysteries as practiced by the priests, and being a descendant of a high caste Hindu family, was deeply learned in what was formerly called witchcraft. He was a hypnotizer and understood a deal about the various curative and deadly properties of roots and herbs. I obtained a deal of information from him on almost all subjects, regarding caste, religion, the rites practiced by the different races which comprise the vast East Indian empire, all of which was a great help to me in untangling various knotty cases that came before me in my department. I also found him invaluable as an interpreter of the many patois and different languages spoken, and so he was more of a confidential valet than anything else.

I had been at home about two months, and was seated in my room smoking and thinking I would retire early that evening, when my door opened and Nobin—my servant—entered with a card, which I found was that of a total stranger to me. However, I told the servant to admit him.

He took the seat I offered him and said:

"The case I have called to see you about is a curious one, and I would like you to examine into it. I do not care, for various reasons, to seek the assistance of the regular force, or even of any of the private detectives of this city, and knowing you to be a comparative stranger, I wish to employ your services."

I informed him that I was home for a holiday and rest, but I said, "If you will state your case, I will give it my attention."

He then requested that I accompany him

to his house, as all the documents, etc., were there.

This rather surprised me, and for a moment or two I hesitated. I however made up my mind to see it out, and inquired: "How far is it to your home?"

"About three miles—I have a cab outside."

On our entering the growler, or four-wheeled cab, it immediately started, as though the driver knew just where to go, and not a word was said until we arrived at the entrance of a large house situated in a locality I could not remember, although I had been born and brought up in this city.

"Here we are," said Standish, as he called himself, and he led the way to a large room at the other end of the passage.

Seeing no papers, I said: "Seeing that you have brought me all this distance, and the hour is late, you will excuse me if I request you to give me the facts of the case at once. I cannot understand the reason of this secrecy."

Standish then said: "There is no need to be afraid, I have a few friends here;" and touching a bell, four men entered. I was startled, but did not show it.

Standish laughingly continued, "Come, Mr. Percy, draw your chair to the table and take a cigar," and as all proceeded to make themselves comfortable, I did likewise.

"Now, Mr. Percy," began Standish. "I will begin by telling you that the reason for bringing you here is in reality to settle a bet between Mr. Miles," here he pointed to a stoutly built man, "and myself, which we have had regarding you, for we have heard of some remarkable cases that you have solved. We have imagined a case; will tell you a story and act or perform part of it, and if you succeed in discovering the murderer to our satisfaction—for the case is one of murder—we will pay you the sum of one hundred pounds. If you fail, you will receive only ten pounds for your trouble. What do you think of our offer?"

I hesitated for I did not like being made the subject of a bet, and said so; but the almost pleading tones of Blake's voice, when he arose and putting his hand on my shoulder said, "You *must* go in for it," decided me. I looked hard at his pale, thin features and saw an expression of relief pass over his face when I said, "Very well, I agree—"

"Thank you," said Standish. "It has been decided that I tell the first part of the story:—Last night, I and Saunders, there," pointing to another member of the party, "entered this house at ten o'clock. I called Miles up from his study in the basement, and Moore from his portion of the premises, and we awaited the appearance of Blake and Douglass; but, as they failed to materialize, after ten minutes had passed, we all proceeded to the room occupied by Douglass. There a dreadful sight met our view. He was lying dead on the floor, and close by was Blake just recovering consciousness.

"It was plain that Douglass had been murdered, and suspicion fastened on Blake as the murderer. He had been stabbed by the latter's knife! We judged he himself had been knocked senseless by a blow dealt in a final supreme effort by the dying man. We charged Blake with the crime, and he denied it, but you shall hear his explanation from his own lips, Mr. Percy."

"At nine o'clock," began Blake, trying to steady his voice, "I entered the front door and went straight up stairs to Douglass' room, having to see him on a private matter. There was no one about, that I could see, and everything was so quiet when I opened the door that I thought Douglass himself must be out. But as I went inside I heard a quick step behind me. I was about to turn when I was struck a crushing blow upon the back of my head. I staggered, caught a glimpse of Douglass lying on the floor in a pool of blood, and then fell down senseless. I regained consciousness only to find myself accused by these gentlemen as his murderer. But I am innocent—I swear it!"

This declaration was made in such an earnest and emphatic manner as to cause me to gaze more fixedly at him.

"Have you anything more to say, or can you account for the fact that your knife caused Douglass's death?"

"No! and until it was shown me as the one used, I had not seen it for over a week," was Blake's reply.

"That will do," said Standish. "Now, Mr. Percy, you have heard the main facts. His story is a simple one. Can you prove his guilt or establish his innocence?"

I then inquired as to the motives. "Had Douglass ever quarreled with Blake, Miles or Moore?"

"He had quarreled both with me and the accused," answered Miles, rather sullenly.

"Did you see Douglass last night?" I asked him.

"Yes, but I left him well and hearty at about ten minutes to nine, and proceeded downstairs to my study. Douglass looked at his watch and gave me the time."

I then decided that Moore could be left out of the case, and that it rested between Miles and Blake.

"If you have no more questions to ask, you shall see the position in which we found the two men," said Standish.

"No more at present," I replied.

"Very well, then. Blake and Saunders, go up stairs and get ready for the parts you have to play. You know what to do. Knock when you are ready."

The men left the room, but not before I encountered a glance from Blake that puzzled me. I noticed also that Miles looked really ill, and commented on it, when he flared out with, "Do you mean to accuse me of—"

"Of poor nerves," put in Standish, with a warning glance at him. "You look white and troubled, that is all."

The rest tried to joke him, and nearly ended in getting him really angry, and we were pleased when we heard the knocking overhead, to let us know they were ready for us.

We proceeded up stairs, Standish leading the way.

"This is the room," he said, "and Saunders is in the position in which we were supposed to have found Douglass. Enter, will you please."

I did so, and could not suppress a start of surprise, for there, lying on the carpet, was Saunders, dressed in a dark suit, his arms outstretched, his face fixed as if in death. A small, blood-stained knife and a heavy, knobbed stick, such as we call a Penang lawyer in India, were by his side. The affair seemed too grim to be mere play.

"Blake will now, at his own request, show just how he entered the room and what followed."

The man, after turning the gas low, left

the room, closing the door after him. After a moment he opened it again and stepping inside spoke as though to himself. "Evidently Douglass is out. I'll go down and await his return. The business—"

He stopped suddenly and made as if to turn. To us it seemed as if some invisible person had struck him an unseen blow. He uttered a cry of terror and staggered across the room, with his hand pressed to his head. "My God!" he muttered, as he came to the body lying on the floor, and then fell in a dead faint. He had gone too far with his acting, for he had really fainted.

"He's overdone it," cried Standish. "Fetch water. Here, Saunders, jump up and help."

In a short time Blake opened his eyes and glanced quickly round. The rest had their attention attracted elsewhere just then.

"Bend down, quick!" he whispered, just loud enough for me to hear. "Save me, for God's sake! Save me! It is—"

"Here you are," called Saunders, running in with brandy. "Pour some down his throat and place him on the couch."

Those whispered words of Blake's forced in upon me the conclusion that there was more behind all this than was at present apparent, but I determined to proceed as though I suspected nothing, so in a jesting manner I proceeded.

"Where was the supposed Douglass stabbed?"

Saunders pointed out the place on his own body.

"But a stab there would not be fatal," I said.

Standish frowned and said, "He bled to death. You understand that he would have lost a large quantity of blood from such a wound."

I coincided, and then asked to examine the clothes.

"There was nothing in the pockets—no clew there," he replied.

On entering the passage I noticed a dark corner. Anyone hiding in it would be unseen by a man ascending the stairs. "You could have waited here, Mr. Miles," I remarked.

"What the—of course; but I went straight down stairs after leaving Douglass. It must be plain that I could not be the one Blake alleges struck him."

"Quite plain, eh? Yet such a thing is as probable as the idea that a dying man struck

him with force enough to render him unconscious for nearly an hour. I have seen all I require and would like to go below again," I said.

To this the whole five men agreed, Blake having recovered. After seating ourselves, the question was put to me as to whether I had arrived at any conclusion.

To this I inquired if they had any objections to my returning home, and I would endeavor to give an opinion in forty-eight hours. This seemed to disappoint them all, but mostly was dismay stamped on Blake's face. They said they would abide by the decision then formed in my mind, but to this I would not agree, being anxious for time, and thinking that something would transpire to assist me.

After arguing a while it was agreed that Standish would call for me again on the second night, I promising faithfully to keep the case entirely to myself. He then in the same manner escorted me home, the windows of the carriage being down, so that I could not see out.

As you may imagine, I puzzled over the case during the two nights and day, but could arrive at nothing definite.

Now comes the most curious part of this most curious case. It wanted but four hours to the time agreed upon for Standish to call for me to go and render my decision, when my servant, Nobin, entered my room and seated himself on the floor at my feet. He looked up at me and said, (of course in the native tongue). "Master, you seem to be worrying very much about something, and whereas you were improving in health previously, this trouble you have on your mind is harming you. What is it? Is there anything I can do to help you? You know I would do anything for you."

Now I had often made him a confidant, and knew from experience that he possessed a clear brain, and had more than once obtained points from him, but then, that had been out in India, where his knowledge of ways and manners and customs was of inestimable benefit. Consequently, I hesitated before laying bare this case to him, but somehow I seemed impelled to do so.

I had no sooner concluded than he arose and going over to the sideboard behind me, poured me out a drink, at the same time telling me I ought to rest for an hour or two.

I had watched his actions (unknown to

him) by the reflection in a mirror which hung over the mantel in front of me, and had seen him take a pinch of powder, as I imagined, out of a small paper parcel and drop it in the glass of whiskey and water he brought me. This he told me to drink, remarking with a peculiar smile, that maybe I would dream of a solution to my troubles, if I would drink, and then lay down and rest.

I had no sooner done so than I seemed to lose consciousness and began to dream.

I dreamed, or fancied I did, that my hand was taken by an old jogi or Hindu devotee, such as we meet at the most notable shrines in India—who told me to proceed with him and I would see enacted the whole scene of the case that was in my mind.

I found myself in the house I had visited two days previously, where I beheld Miles approach Douglass's door, and entering noiselessly, creep up to that unsuspecting gentleman, and before he could move, stab him with a knife he held in his hand. Miles watched to see if he moved and finding that he did not, he retired and closed the door.

Miles stood in the passageway grasping a knobbed stick such as I saw and which had been used to such effect, and hiding himself in the dark corner I had previously noticed, seemed to await the arrival of someone.

He had not long to wait, for shortly after, Blake appeared and entered Douglass' room, leaving the door open. He appeared to be speaking when I saw Miles pass in very stealthily, and before Blake could turn, felled him with a terrible blow on the back of the head. Miles, being apparently satisfied with what he had done, hastily but noiselessly left the room, closing the door on the grim tragedy.

The jogi who had stood by me throughout this scene now turned and said to me, "You have seen; now go and clear the innocent."

It must have been about half an hour from the time I fell asleep, or whatever you may term it, when I awoke to find Nobin sitting on the floor watching me.

I instantly told him of my dream, when he smilingly told me that that was the truth; for, said he, "The jogi's powder never fails."

The point now was; how was I to prove Miles guilty and Blake innocent. I was seated at the table with a pencil and pad, on which I had been making notes, and while ransacking my brain, I unwittingly commenced sketching in the scene of the

murder, and my resolve was taken. I speedily sketched in the whole drama in three successive pictures, and was prepared for Standish, who appeared at the appointed time.

He inquired if I desired to accompany him and render a decision, and I replied in the affirmative.

Again I was taken in the same carriage to the house and on arrival found all the men awaiting me. I was surprised to notice the haggard appearance of poor Blake, and when I smilingly approached him I saw in the poor boy's face the relief he experienced at my salutation.

"Well, here we are," said Standish, "now end this farce, and decide our bet."

"I will allow these three pictures to show you the conclusion at which I have arrived," I said, and I placed the sketches on the table.

They all craned forward to view them, and I was gazing at the joyful countenance of Blake, when, with a cry of rage, Miles sprang forward, and with a yell of "Curse you," lifted a chair high in the air and brought it down on my head, knocking me senseless.

I knew no more until I found myself in bed in my own room, with a doctor and my servant beside me.

"How long have I been here?" I inquired.

"You were brought home this morning," my servant informed me, "and the doctor came shortly after; he was sent by the man who brought you home, and who left this letter for you."

I tore it open in my anxiety to hear the truth of my adventure. The first thing I pulled out was a bank note for one hundred pounds, and then came the following letter:

Dear Friend: I call you this, for you have undoubtedly saved my life. Last night's affair was not a mere bet; it was a case of life and death. The case we told and acted for you really took place, only that Douglass was not killed; he was lying unconscious in the house at the time. It was necessary that we should know the truth (for we are members of a peculiar society) without the authorities getting wind of it, and, consequently, sought your aid. Your verdict was just, for after his assault on you, Miles confessed all. Do not attempt to trace us, as it will be labor in vain; for by the time you read this, we shall all have vanished. Again I thank you, and will always remain your debtor.

BLAKE.

I have never succeeded in discovering the house, although I have endeavored to do so. Nor have I come across any individual in the remotest degree resembling any of the members mixed up in the episode. I have often wondered whether Douglass recovered, and what punishment was meted out to Miles by his associates.

LOVE AND THE FAKIR

By Edward S. Pilsworth

THE major admitted to himself that he had been somewhat hasty, but then, he had been tried beyond endurance. That puppy, Dick Bennet, would persist in hanging around the house, and the heat, and the—oh, so many things; it was no wonder he trod upon the poor fakir. Did that individual expect him to take that silly curse seriously, he wondered; could not take a drink until he had crawled on his belly at his—the fakir's—feet, and begged pardon. Ridiculous. But the day had certainly been one of trouble; he was just about to imbibe a cooling peg when the message came that one of the bearers of his wife's dandy had stepped upon a cobra, and Mrs. Major J. Willoughby Quarles had been thrown against a rock, and was seriously injured. He had dropped his glass, and came home in a hurry, finding that his wife was really badly hurt, and she was now in the other room under the care of his daughter Marion. Thank heaven, there was one bright spot; it would do Dick Bennet no good to hang around tonight.

Thus thinking, the major began to doze, and the buzzing of flies and droning of insects, combined with the heat and trials of the day, seducing him to slumber, he drew a bandanna softly over his face and, choosing an easy position on the lounge, abandoned himself to his grief. His dreams were all of slings, pegs, toddies, and like luxuries; no liquor ever tasted so good, no whiskey so creamy, no mixture so nicely balanced, as those of these sleeping moments. Friends invited him to join; strangers requested that he would do them the honor; he even bought for himself, and they all tasted equally excellent.

It was dark when the major awoke, and he discovered that he was the lucky possessor of a monumental thirst. Anticipating much joy in the slaking thereof, he proceeded to the sideboard, took a glass from the rack, shook a dash of bitters into it, and—

The language of the major, on finding the decanter empty, was really awful. Though carefully tempered by the memory of his stricken wife, it was but subdued in tone, to be intensified in character. The air was heavy when the khitmatgar entered, startled by the violence of the ring.

"Go!" commanded his master, "to the regimental mess. Major Quarles' compliments; his wife is sick and he cannot leave the house, and will they kindly send him up a bottle of whiskey?"

Bundha Loo departed, and the white man, steeped in lustful longing, sat, picturing to himself the gurgling of the bottle, the dash of bitters, the touch of ice, and he almost felt the trickle of the finished product down his throat, when a rattling crash resounded in the passage way, followed by a blood-curdling shriek of wild and agonizing fear. He had just started to his feet, when the door was burst open and Bundha Loo, his eyes wide with terror, rushed in, slammed it shut, and, sobbing and shivering, collapsed into a heap upon the carpet.

"Be quiet!" hissed the major. "Don't wake my wife, you crazy idiot!"

He listened intently, but no sound coming from the sick room, he inquired, "Why, what in Hades have you there?" for Bundha Loo was reverently holding the neck and part of the body of a bottle in his hand.

"Oh, sahib! O, lord!" sobbed the Hindoo in broken accents. "Be not angry with your servant. It was a dog, master; a great big, black dog, with red, shiny eyes. A dog, sahib, or a devil."

"What fool's tale are you telling me? You're drunk, that's what you are, with your tales of a black dog. You got into the bottle, blame you, and then smashed it. I'll have your life, you thundering thief, with your silly fairy tales."

"But, sahib, it is truth; by my father's beard, it is truth. Would I lie to you, my

master? No, sahib, on my head, no. My humbleness was even into the passageway, carefully carrying the bottle in my arms, when a black dog—black as hell, heaven-born, with red eyes—ran through my legs and tripped me. May curses light upon the brute; the unclean beast. The broken glass and the liquor are still in the passageway. See, master, the seal is still on the bottle.

"Confound the luck; if there is a dog in the house, we have to find the brute. Come, rout out a light, and don't stand there like a fool."

"Pardon, sahib, but I fear. His eyes were so red, and his mouth so big. Of your mercy sahib, make me not to go."

"Shut up, you crazy luny; get a light and come along."

The unsheathing of the major's sabre, somewhat reassured the quaking servant, who, though still shaking and trembling, shuffled along with the light. A thorough search of the house failed to locate any black dog, though the broken bottle and a puddle of something smelling like whiskey were mute witnesses of the truth of Bundha Loo's story.

"Humph!" grunted the major. "Pick up the bits and get out. I'll stay till you get through." The Hindoo hurried the work of gathering up the remains and, casting shifty, scared glances from side to side, departed.

As the major sat musing upon the capacity of the native servant for lies, and the trouble he was having with his liquor, the sound of stealthy whispering intruded itself upon him through the open window. Some lover of the ayah, he guessed, and then, seeing a chance to legitimately ventilate his ill temper, he stealthily opened the door and, again unsheathing his saber, moved noiselessly in the direction of the sound. He had gone but a few paces when he bumped violently into a ladder reared against the side of the house. From above came a stifled scream, and a window was hastily shut. Then, through the gloom of the night, the major beheld an individual at the top end endeavoring to hang on to the side of the house with his finger nails.

The ladder was falling majestically to the earth, and the gentleman above was futilely attempting to retain his present position, but, the finger nail method proving a failure, he

transferred his attention to the atmosphere, and grabbed whole handfuls with most commendable industry. The grunt he gave on hitting the ground called for a great expenditure of breath, and the major, as the surest means of holding him safe, promptly fell upon him and expelled the remainder. He then discovered that his prisoner was a white man.

"Now, who the which are you?" he crustily enquired. "And what the blazes are you doing here? Keep still or I'll poke you full of holes. Keep still, I say, till I get hold of your collar. Pressing the wind out of you, am I? Of course; and I'll let out more with the point of my sword, if you don't keep still. There, get up into the light, and show me whom I have caught. Dick Bennet, by the gods!"

In his surprise, the major loosened his hold, but Mr. Bennet stood still, looking in his dusty and torn clothes, very foolish.

"I beg your pardon, for disturbing you," he stammered. "I was enquiring after Mrs. Quarles. My mother sent me 'round."

"And you had to go to my daughter's window to find out, did you? Much obliged, I am sure. Obedient, dutiful son. I suppose she told you that would be the best place to get information. Shut up, you insolent puppy; don't you dare to talk back to me. You lie, sir. Lie like the dog that you are. Have I not forbidden you to talk to my daughter? Haven't I? Answer me, you sulky hound, when I talk to you!"

"I cannot answer you and keep my mouth shut at the same time, can I?" returned Dick, sulkily. "And I am no liar, sir. My mother send me around to enquire how Mrs. Quarles was doing, and knowing that you did not like me, I preferred not to bother you."

"I imagine not. I should think I don't like you. Do I like lizards, and snakes, and toads, and—and—" the major was at a loss,—"sneaking crawly curs, with mangy hair on? No, sir, I do not. Go home and tell your mother that Mrs. Quarles is better; and that the next time she needs a messenger, for God's sake to send a gentleman." And the major, turning on his heel, slammed the door and then shivered in his shoes, for fear he had waked his wife. The young man gazed sentimentally at the closed door for a while, and then departed with downcast head.

Left to himself, the outraged father, under the influence of his more personal troubles, and the terrible drought that affected him, decided for bed and a quiet night's rest. Vain delusion. All of his dreams took the liquid route, and the delights of scientifically regulated intemperance; and ever through them stalked the fakir with his curse, and a great black dog with shiny and red eyes. By daylight next morning he was wan and worn, and his temper was short and irascible.

At the first opportunity the khitmatgar received his orders.

"Go," said the master "to the mess; explain the accident, and get another bottle. Don't you dare to show your black face without it, or by the living jingo," he added, waxing wrathful, "I'll break every bone in your dirty body."

The major himself was responsible for the loss of the liquor this time. Placing the bottle very carefully in the middle of the center table, he went to the sideboard for a glass, was startled by a loud, tinkling crash, and turned to see the bottle lying in a lot of little bits upon the floor. The whiskey was already soaked up in the hearthrug. For a while he stood, dazed and staring, and then the flood-gates of his wrath flew open, and he gave way to language of a strong and lurid character. Storming and raving, he rammed his arms into the sleeves of his coat, settled his hat firmly upon his throbbing head, and, swearing he would drink or die, departed for the club.

Hardly had he reached the street when something catching the tail of his eye, he swiftly turned, and there was a great black dog sneeringly looking at him out of shiny red eyes. A little time he looked in wonderment, and then recognition flashed upon him: it was the ugly brute that had turned his dreams to nightmares, and who in tripping Bundha Loo, had broken the whiskey bottle. As soon as this thought went home to the major's mind, he raised his cane and struck out at the dog. Bright as rubies, the red eyes shone in the sunlight, the great mouth, with it's heavy jowls came to with a snap; and, growling angrily, the vicious beast sprang forward, rushed forcibly through the major's legs, and flung him with a sickening thud to the ground.

When the major regained his senses, melodious undertones of sound mingled with a

delightful drowsiness; a brook was gurgling; palm fronds were rustling; and the air was filled with soothing and harmonious murmurs. There was also a sound of wind in the trees, or else it was someone talking. He hoped it was the wind, because he supposed, in a vague way, that he would have to listen if it really was talk, and he would much rather lie and dream. Voices gradually separated themselves from the other sounds; articulated words dropped upon his dulled brain; understanding was pressed home into him, and soon he was listening intently.

"The poor sahib," a voice recognizable as that of Bundha Loo was saying, "is ill."

"Aye, very bad," answered another voice. "The memsahib is very bad also."

"All part of the curse, Matuna; all part of the curse."

"Paloo Dha told me something of it, but I do not understand. What is this curse?"

"The curse of Rhaman Das, the holy one; on whom the master sahib walked. Surely did he to his sorrow, and was cursed, and not allowed to drink of liquor. Also Rhaman Das sends one of his devils, a black dog, who spills bottles of whiskey, also assaults the sahib and frightens him. That is the cause of his sickness; he was frightened."

"Will he always be sick and unfortunate, Bundha Loo?"

"Always; till he do as he was bid. Thus did Rhaman Das say:

"Till thou crawl on thy belly, in baseness at my feet, and ask pardon for what thou hast done, till that time, shall none of the liquor thou cravest pass thy lips. Trouble me not further, lest worse come of it."

"Why, if he wants a drink, does he not crawl, then?"

"Verily, Matuna, thou art a fool; even worse than most women. Know you not that the sahib is proud? Never will he prostrate himself to Rhaman Das or beg his pardon. So, nevermore shall he drink liquor. Know you not that whenever he tries, something happens? It was in defying the holy one that the dog frightened him."

"Ah, was it so? I heard that he was drunk."

Such talk is false. The sahibs say that he drank two bottles of whiskey; that he has the liquor sickness: D. T., or what they call it. But I say they lie. Not a drop has he tasted since the holy one cursed him."

"Well, you, who are the head of the servants, and a great man, know. But I must go. The memsahib is sleeping, and the young missy watches thinking of her lover."

"Surely, but say not thy mind upon it. The master knows nothing. Even in that shall he be betrayed. Peloo Dha, who cast my fortune last evening, said that when the curse was lifted they would marry; that sahib Bennet would win the daughter. I know not; 'tis much trouble to take for one woman."

"Well, Sahib Bennet is a nice man, who pats my boy's head and gives him annas. But time is flying, and my lover grows impatient,"

"Thy lover is a fool, even as thyself. But go." The voices ceased.

The major lay and thought for a while, in bitterness of spirit. "So, folks said that he was drunk; hard luck, to be called a drunkard, when he was going mad for want of a taste. What irony. That thrice accursed fakir; could there be anything in it? Fudge! And Bennet, Dick Bennet; he was to lift the curse and marry Marion; thank God, that was one thing that could be easily stopped.

"That puppy marry Marion! He would answer for that, anyway. Bah, it was silly talk. Yet that black dog? Well, he would see later, when he was not so sleepy;" and, thus thinking, the major settled himself comfortably on his pillow and fell asleep.

The convalescence of the major was a great trial to the household; for it is a difficult matter to break the habits of a lifetime in a day, which the major found was a fact every time he tried to take a drink. As the days slipped away, he made the attempt again and again, but a remarkable series of accidents interposed, and he had touched no liquor since the memorable day of the curse. The black dog had twice assaulted him, and he was forced into a convincing belief in the fakir.

Bundha Loo had left him, and, as the natives looked upon him as one accursed, he could find no other khitmatgar. The previous portliness had vanished, and in its place had come a worried and harrassed frame. His fellow-whites eyed him askance, and he dimly understood that he was developing queer ways. The debonnair soldier had vanished, and a morose and ill-tempered solitary was taking his place; in des-

peration, he turned to outdoor exercise, and used his hack continually. One of his queer habits was to ride around by the place where the fakir sat; he may have had some idea that that misanthropic individual would see his sufferings and relent; certain it is that he always went that way, and that the holy one refused the slightest notice; only gazed the more vacantly into space. Then would the major curse; good, deep and solid curses, for he now believed as did the natives, and laid all his troubles at the fakir's door.

On one of these journeys he was astonished to see Dick Bennet, engaged in a deep discussion, sitting by the fakir's side. His hands were waving wildly in the air, and with his eyes intently fixed upon the dusky face beside him, he waved his hands, stretched his fingers, looked up and saw the major. His face went red with confusion, and he arose and made a deep bow. Ignoring this completely, the major touched up his hack and proceeded on his way. Nevertheless, he wondered what reason Dick could have to visit with the fakir.

That same night, as the suffering father was sitting immersed in a moody reverie, he was aroused by the sound of subdued and softly toned voices.

"Oh, Dick," one was saying, which he recognized as that of Marion. "It is no use your wasting time upon me. Pa dislikes you too strongly, or thinks he does."

"The poor old boy has his troubles, Marion, but they will straighten out some day, and then we will be as happy as two toads in one puddle."

"But, I wonder what is the matter with the poor man, Dick. Think how he has changed; and he used to be so fussy and nice, just like an overgrown baby."

"Don't you worry, dear; it may be ingrowing toe nails. I tried to see what I could do, but he caught me, and I have not been so chilled since I left the hills. And the confounded fakir would not say a word."

"Why, what are you talking about? What do you know about pa's troubles, and why should you see a fakir?"

"Why—er—you see, it is like this." The major drew a long breath and sat up in his chair. "You misunderstood me, don't you know. Not the major's troubles; mine. And the fakir; oh, yes, the fakir. How funny. Yes, I went to see the fakir about—eh—oh

yes—about a charm. He does something with a bit of string; takes away warts, you know." Dick drew a long breath and the major, as he settled back in his chair, drew a longer one.

"Dick Bennet, what is all this foolishness you are telling me about a fakir and warts? You have no warts."

"Certainly not. Oh—er—yes. You see, mother's ayah has a little boy who has a wart on his middle toe, which hurts when he puts his shoes on. Understand? Don't the stars shine bright tonight, Marion?"

"Bother the stars. What is all this silly talk about ayahs, and warts and shoes. Native poor caste children do not wear shoes. Are you drunk?"

"Damn the fellow," muttered the major. "He cannot lie a little bit. Any fool could make a better muddle of it than he is doing."

"Who me?" queried Dick, suddenly. "Drunk? No! It was like this. Those dogs howl frightfully. Well, the fakir—er—what was I saying? Oh, yes, warts. Well, the fakir's warts—no—I mean the ayah said—"

"Jove," said the major. "That idiot will make trouble yet." And hastily picking up a footstool, he flung it heavily into a corner, and pushed his chair over sideways. A door was hastily shut, and J. Willoughby arrived at the window in time to see a figure flying energetically down the street.

"He's not such a bad fellow, after all," he muttered. "But no imagination. I wonder what he will do when he gets married. He'll have to learn or he will have a bad time; though he will have that anyway. Ah, me, I think I will go to bed."

The next day found the major in a very bad temper, which was augmented by the sight of Dick arguing with the fakir, and the native gazing, with vacant eyes, indifferently into space.

The major swore, and tightened on the rein, the horse balked, and the major cursed the animal.

Mrs. Amos T. Haslett was walking out to visit a sick friend, and had just crossed the road, leading her five-year-old boy by the hand; the ayah was behind with the twins, directly in way of the major. When the horse reared, the major touched it with the spurs, and then, as the ayah stopped ahead,

pulled in and the horse reared again. Pawing the air excitedly with its front legs, the excited brute stepped upon a rounded cobble his foot slipped, and he came to the ground with a crash. By a lucky chance, the rider fell clear, falling, as he thought, against Mrs. Haslett.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

"'Tis granted," replied the voice of a native man. "Go, drink the liquor you crave and offend me no more."

Looking up, the major found himself lovingly embracing the left leg of the fakir, whose features were wreathed in a smile of placid benignity.

Rising indignantly to his feet, the white man was about to repudiate the apology, when a hand fell upon his shoulder and another covered his mouth. The latter he bit promptly, causing it's sudden removal.

"What the devil do you mean, sir," he shouted, facing around and discovering Dick. "Do you think that all the family are as anxious for your filthy embraces as the little idiot at home?"

"Well, you need not be so blessed rough," responded the injured one, carefully caressing his hand. "You went nearly through. Come here," he continued, drawing the major a step or two aside. "You were going to deny the apology, and he would have put back the curse. Now you are a free man today, and the drinks are on me."

"What?" shrieked the major, reeling. "Do you think it will be all right? Don't raise my hopes to blight them. Don't torture a poor man like that."

"You bet it is all right," answered Dick. "Didn't you hear what he said? 'Go drink the liquor you crave.'"

The major's eyes went wild; and then with a frenzied yell he broke from Dick and dashed wildly down the road, pursued by his future son-in-law. Nobody, however, could hope to keep pace with the holy enthusiasm of the major on his present mission, who dashed far ahead and snatching a glass from the hands of the first man he saw drinking, drained it at one gulp. Dick arrived at the psychic moment, when, a look of seraphic happiness on his face, the major sunk into the nearest chair. Dick explained to the indignant customer that the major had an attack, and soothed his injured feelings by inviting him to share a bottle with them.

The major was taken home in a dandy that night, exclaiming with a slurred pronunciation, as he saw Marion in her lover's arms:

"Bless ye, m' chill'n, bless ye. He's all ri', he's." After which ebullition his prospective son-in-law promptly put him to bed and carefully tucked him in.

Since that time the major gets fuddled with painstaking regularity, and has regained his former urbanity and dignified portliness. It is noticed, however, that he never steps backward without looking carefully behind, and that he is also very respectful to peripatetic Sons of Siva.

THE COT BY THE RIVER

By Agnes Haskell

SING happy bird!—sing, sing your best!
Sing out the secret of the nest;
Built snug in branches tall and wide,
Wherein your downy fledglings hide.

Trill! trill! O merry feathered thing!
Yet, O my heart doth sweeter sing;
A fairer, dearer nest I know,
Just at the river's bend below.

A tidy, rose-bowered, rustic cot,
Set in its thrifty garden plot;
A trusty boat rocks by the shore,
For skillful hand to guide the oar.

On hillsides, lambkins frisk and bleat—
Where earth and heaven seem to meet—
And glossy cattle graze hard-by;
Was ever lassie blest as I?

My love is young and debonair,
The very prince of yeomen rare;
With ruddy cheek, the live-long day,
He works and whistles care away!

At eventide, when earth is still,
And the shy moon peeps o'er the hill—
Or haply stars alone are set,
Like jewels, in her coronet,—

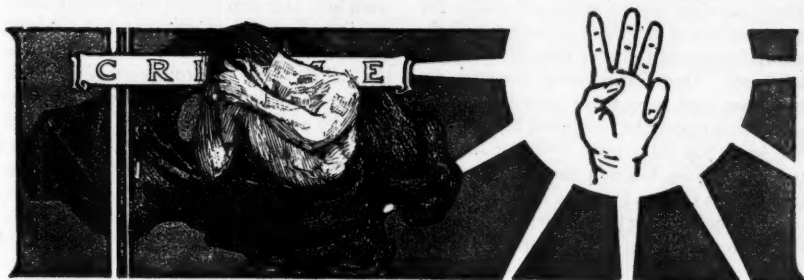
My laddie comes, so blithe and gay,
And meets me at the stile—half-way—
Which, cherished for our dreams alone,
We'd not exchange for monarch's throne!

* * * * *

I've promised soon his bride to be,
When bells will ring right merrily;
Ah, bird, *your* joy will pass away,
But *mine* will live for aye and aye!

Sing! sing! your little throat of gold!—
Sing out your bliss to wood and wold;
Laved in the glory all divine—
Of *love* that lights your world and mine!

The K·K·K



By C. W. Tyler

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE

CHAPTER XXXIII

WHICH TELLS HOW A YOUNG LADY TOOK A HORSEBACK RIDE AND MADE A MURDEROUS
ASSAULT ON A POOR OLD BEGGAR

THE sun was shining high in the heavens when the lad awoke next morning. As he opened his eyes and looked about him, the first sharp recollection was of the great loss he had sustained; the second was of the plan he had heard unfolded in the cavern to murder Randolph Pearson on that very night. The man against whom the conspiracy had been formed was in St. Louis, and was to be assassinated that night on his ride homeward from the depot at the foot of the ridge. Miss Sue Bascombe must be notified, and that without a moment's delay, for there was barely time now to send a messenger to the depot to warn Pearson of his danger.

The boy sprang to his feet, and, without stopping anywhere upon the road to get a morsel to stay his hunger, made all possible speed toward the farmhouse where he expected to find the young lady who was to be intrusted with his startling communication.

When he reached the place it was past noon, and the child, worn with grief and excitement, and faint from hunger and long travel, was almost exhausted. Sue Bascombe would not permit him to talk until he had taken some nourishment, and then she examined and cross-examined him on his remarkable experience the night before in the cavern. He told a plain, unvarnished tale that carried conviction with it, and the girl lost not a moment in considering what should be done in the emergency that confronted her. She ordered her horse, Dandy Jim, to be saddled at once and brought round to the gate. While this order was being obeyed, she donned her riding-skirt and hat and wrote a short note to Teddy McIntosh, asking him to join her without delay at Baker's Station, near the foot of the ridge. These preliminaries hurriedly dispensed with, she took her seat in the saddle and turned her horse's head toward Baker's

depot. The afternoon was now considerably advanced, and the place she wished to reach was fifteen miles away.

The girl rode rapidly, knowing that night would certainly overtake her before she reached her destination and wishing to cover as much of the distance by daylight as possible. There was time enough to catch the train, for it was not due at the depot until seven o'clock, nearly four hours from the time at which she left home. One circumstance, however, delayed her and caused her considerable apprehension before she completed her journey. She knew the main route well, for she had traveled it often, but now she was compelled to leave this road and travel a more circuitous one, to avoid passing the spot where she knew the negro was lying in wait to murder Pearson. At first her determination was to ride boldly by this place, trusting that the assassin, having no motive for disturbing her, would suffer her to pass unmolested. She carried in her bosom the trusty little Smith & Wesson pistol which Lawyer Slowboy had returned to her after his exciting experience with the hobgoblins, and thus felt able to defend herself even in case she was halted on the way by one with evil intent. As she galloped, however, in the fast declining day along the first half of her route she reflected that the negro would almost certainly recognize her as she passed his place of hiding and would divine her motive in traveling alone to the depot at that particular time. He might undertake to stop her bodily, or, still more probably, he might shoot her from his place of concealment, and thus frustrate her purpose to notify Pearson. She, therefore, turned aside before she reached this spot and took a less frequented route, which she had never traveled before. Night was now approaching, the evening was cloudy, and she was compelled to stop at several farmhouses by the roadside to inquire the way. Her purpose had been simply to make a circuit around the spot where the negro lay concealed and get back into the main highway after going a short distance, but this, in consequence of intervening woods and fences, she could not do. She pursued her way through narrow lanes, stopping often to make inquiries, and losing, as she knew, valuable time in doing so. She thought seriously at this stage of her journey of taking some of the white people along the road into her confidence and having

the negro arrested before he could carry out his purpose, but this plan she soon dismissed as not feasible. She was among strangers, and while she wasted time in the effort to have the assassin apprehended, Pearson might leave the depot and reach the spot chosen for his murder. The best plan was to intercept and warn him, and then to take steps for the arrest not only of the negro who was lying in wait, but of the villainous old white man who was the guiltier of the two conspirators. So concluding, she urged her horse onward, made her inquiries as few as possible and always to the point, and anxiously bent her efforts toward reaching Baker Station before the arrival of the down train. Fortunately, as she blundered along in an unknown section of country, she encountered an old negro in the road, and for the remuneration of twenty-five cents induced him to pilot her back into the main highway which she had left. This he did by the expeditious method of taking down fences, crossing new-plowed fields, and conducting her through thick woods where she had to lie almost flat to keep from being swept from the saddle. It was best in the end, however, for when she had thus forged ahead slowly for the better part of an hour she was once more in the road she had left, and could hasten on to the end of her journey.

"I ain't gwy ax you what business you got out at dis time o' night by yourself," said the old man as he took the quarter, "but I'm gwy say de rule in dese parts is for de gentleman to do de ridin' and de lady to set up in de parlor and wait for him. Ef you're runnin' away to git married—which I knows you is—you must have a mighty pokey young man for a beau, or he'd a gone atter you and tuck you to de squire's house. Dat's de way for a young gentleman to act, mistiss, and you mustn't git mad at my tellin' you so."

Sue Bascombe was a queer girl. She neither laughed at nor resented the old negro's well-meant advice. "Uncle," she replied quietly, as she fixed her skirts for a rapid gallop, "I say to you in confidence that I think you're exactly right about this matter. The man I'm hunting is a little pokey, but I'm going after him all the same. In these times a girl must do the best she can, you know." Whereupon she gave Dandy Jim a keen cut with the whip and left her guide without another word.

"Dat's a cur'ous gal as ever I seed,"

remarked 'the old negro to himself as the damsel ran away from him at almost break-neck speed.

As she hurried onward she wondered if Teddy McIntosh was not ahead of her. If he got her message promptly he would lose no time in setting forward upon her track, and perhaps by this time had already reached the depot. If so, he would wonder why she was not there. Thinking of Teddy reminded her that he had doubtless passed the place where the negro lay concealed, or would have to pass it if he was still in the rear. Would any effort be made to assassinate him? She thought not, for Pearson seemed to be the special object of hatred on the part of the old white man who had prompted the negro to murder. If the negro should kill somebody else and not Pearson, he would defeat the purpose his principal had in view. At any rate, she had not thought to warn McIntosh against passing the spot; could not well have done so in a note without going into explanations that could not be intrusted to paper. Teddy, she persuaded herself, would get through all right. She would either find him at the station house or he would get there soon after she had reached the place. She had no watch, but she knew it was now about train time. She was near enough to the station, however, to have heard the whistle if the locomotive had stopped there, and the sound had not yet reached her ear. She had not heard the engine whistle for the top of the ridge, and she knew some minutes must elapse after it started on the down grade before it reached Baker Station below. She hurried on, therefore, confident that she was not too late, but feeling the importance of wasting not a moment's time, and presently as she reached the summit of a hill was cheered by the twinkle of a light at the station.

She set forth down the declivity at a brisk canter. The timber had been cleared away near the summit, and she could see fairly well down the road ahead of her. When Dandy Jim had galloped a short way he suddenly shied, and the girl saw a man standing on the side of the road. He was undersized and held a long cane or walking-stick in his hand. This figure now advanced slowly into the center of the highway, and, grasping his long stick in his left hand, held the right out in a supplicating manner.

"'Elp te poor plind man," said the beggar

in a whining tone. "'Elp te plind man, for te luff uff Cot."

"I have nothing for you," replied the girl. "Stand aside and let me pass."

The beggar kept his place in the center of the highway, and still held out his hand. "'Elp te plind man," he cried piteously. "'Elp te plind man, laty."

"How do you know it's a lady before you?" asked Sue Bascombe, for she greatly distrusted the whining beggar.

"Ah, mine Cot, te sweet voice; te sweet voice."

Sue Bascombe tightened the bridle rein in her hand and drew her horse back a few steps. She eyed the supplicating figure as best she could in the misty light. His head was bent low; he seemed to grope his way as he proceeded, but he advanced now slowly toward her with his right hand extended.

"'Elp, for te luff uff Cot. 'Elp, for te luff uff Cot," cried the blind man piteously, as he tottered toward her.

She gave the rein a sudden jerk, and the horse backed a few steps up the hill. The blind man still advanced, groping his way.

"'Elp, for te luff uff Cot. 'Elp, for te luff uff Cot," he cried more beseechingly.

"Stand back!" said the girl firmly. "Stand back, I tell you!"

"'Elp te plind man, laty. 'Elp te plind man, laty."

"Stand back I tell you!"

She reined her horse back a second time, and he followed her more rapidly. His right hand still extended. Was it to solicit alms or was it to seize her bridle rein?

"'Elp te plind man,"

"Stand back!"

"'Elp te plind——"

The girl drew a pistol from her bosom, pointed it toward him and without a moment's hesitation pulled the trigger. There was a flash, a loud report, and the beggar dropped his stick and fell to the earth. He was not killed, however, for he immediately tried to rise again, and made, as Sue Bascombe thought, a suspicious movement with his right hand toward his hip pocket.

"Let that pistol alone," said the girl calmly. "If you try to draw it here I'll finish you."

"Ah, mine Cot, mine Cot," cried the beggar extending himself upon the ground. "'Vot a country, vot a peoples."

Fortunately at this stage of the game, Sue

Bascombe heard the sound of a horse's feet on the road behind her. She held her weapon on the prostrate man and waited for the rider to approach. She hoped it would prove to be Teddy McIntosh hastening to join her at the station, and when the horseman drew near she found it was Teddy.

"What's up?" inquired that impetuous youth, who had heard the pistol shot, and now found the young lady halted upon the highway.

"I'm afraid I've done something desperate, Teddy," replied Miss Bascombe.

"What's that?"

"I believe I've killed a man."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. He pretends to be a beggar, and maybe he is."

"What did he do?"

"He kept coming toward me. I ordered him to halt, and he didn't."

The blind man lay in the road and groaned dismally.

"He ain't dead," said Teddy McIntosh.

"You say you don't know him?"

"I do not," replied the girl. "Never met him before."

"He didn't know you, either," said Teddy, "or he would have stopped when you told him." After which significant remark, he dismounted, gave his bridle rein to the young lady, and went to examine the prostrate man.

The beggar lay in the road, drawing his breath painfully, and occasionally heaving a deep groan.

"Who are you?" inquired McIntosh, as he stooped down and peered into his face.

"A plind man," said the other in piteous tones. "Plind and lame; plind and lame, mine frient. Te laty haff shot a plind man. Mine Cot, a poor plind man."

"Look for his pistol, Teddy," interjected Miss Bascombe. "I believe he has one."

Teddy McIntosh made an examination, and, sure enough, found a pistol in the hip-pocket of the beggar. "What are you doing with this?" he inquired rather sternly of the wounded man.

"Ah, mine Cot, effery dog parks at te lame peggar; te plind lame peggar."

"Take it away from him, Teddy," commanded the young lady, and Teddy put the weapon in his own pocket.

The wounded man breathed now with much more difficulty, and apparently was sinking

fast. "Hold me up, mine frient," he said to McIntosh beseechingly. "For Cot's sake, raise me up a leetle vile."

McIntosh complied with the request, lifting the wounded man's head and shoulders from the ground.

"I veel a leetle petter," said the blind man faintly. "Vot ish dis? Voo ish dis apout me? Ish dis mine prudder Shacob?"

"I am a stranger," replied Teddy McIntosh, "but I will take care of you the best I can. I am sorry the accident occurred."

"'Tis pity, 'tis pity," said the blind man. "But, mine frient, vot for I zay 'tis pity. For te rich and broud to pass away, 'tis pity; but for te poor plind man to leafe tis vicked world 'tis no pity. I vill now leafe you, mine goot frients, and I leafe mine plessing behint me. Te plind, lame beggar vill peg no more in tis vicked world. Coot py, efferypody."

"I do believe the old man is going, sure enough," said McIntosh. "I can hardly hold him up."

"Lay him down as easily as you can," replied Sue Bascombe, who was evidently deeply moved by the reflection that she had taken the old man's life.

"Hold a leetle vile," said the old beggar, gently—"a leetle vile, mine frients; shust a leetle vile. It ish no matter. Te coot laty made a mishtake; tat vas all. Zay to te world dat I do forgiff de coot laty for de mish-take vot she haff made. Ah, mine Cot, shust now I vos unkery and pegged for pread. Zoon I vill pe unkery no more. To shoot a plind, lame peggar; 'tis small matter, mine frient, and I pray you vill tink notting off it."

"Hold him up, Teddy, as long as you can," said Miss Bascombe. "I'm sorry I shot him."

"Hold me a leetle vile," said the old man faintly. "Ten lay me town for coot and all. Mine frients, I haff a vord for you. Ven you meet te poor plind man upon de road, unkery and cold, giff him pread. Dat ish pizness. Tell mine prudder Shacob I vos shot for nutting, and I leafe mine plessing upon all de world behint me. Ven I am gone away, put von leetle gravestone at my 'ead, and write on dis dat de coot laty zhot te poor plind peggar for nutting, and de poor plind peggar did forgiff her for his murter. Ah, mine throe frients, hold me up no furter. Shust lay me town and let me leafe his vicked world. Coot py, mine prudder Shacob. Coot py, efferypody."

"Lay him down, Teddy," said Miss Bascombe gently, "and run for the doctor."

"I believe the old fellow is gone," exclaimed Teddy McIntosh. The blind beggar had stretched himself at full length upon the earth, and, after a deep groan, remained perfectly quiet.

"Run for the doctor, Teddy," repeated the young lady.

"Must I leave you here?"

"Why certainly. You found me here."

Teddy McIntosh took the bridle rein of his horse from the girl's hand and mounted the animal in haste.

"This is a bad business," he said to Sue as he was about to set off.

"I am afraid so, but it can't be helped now," replied the girl. "You go to the depot yonder, Teddy, and leave word for Ran Pearson to come on here as soon as he gets off the train. Then you fetch a doctor, Teddy, right away. 'I'll stay here till you get back.'"

"A doctor can't help the old man, but I'm off," replied Teddy McIntosh, and he immediately made good his assertion by setting forward at a rapid gait down the hill toward the depot.

The blind beggar lay in the road perfectly still. The dim outlines of his figure were visible to the girl, who sat on horseback a few yards away. She was perfectly still, of course, for there was no one to talk to, and Sue Bascombe was not in a talkative mood. To stand guard over a corpse is a serious business; and if the sentinel is solely responsible for the presence of the corpse, it is a *very* serious business. The stars looked down frostily from above, and with their pale shimmer gave to every object around a ghostly appearance. The clatter of the horse galloping away could be heard almost to the depot, and the noise, as long as she could distinguish it, made the girl feel a little less lonely. Now she heard the whistle of the engine and the rumble of the train at Ridgetop, and knew that in a few minutes more it would come to a halt at Baker's three miles below. Dandy Jim fidgeted about a little in the road, but the girl sat immovable in the saddle. She slipped the pistol back into her bosom and tied a handkerchief about her throat, for it was getting chilly. The blind beggar lay motionless in the road, and she concluded, with Teddy McIntosh, that the doctor would avail nothing when he came. A prowling

dog came trotting down the road and began to sniff at the corpse, but at the sharp command of the girl, he ran away. With almost a steady roar, the train rolled down around the dangerous curves of the ridge, and she heard first the whistle and then the bell proclaiming the stop at Baker station.

Sue Bascombe heard these sounds and calculated that in fifteen minutes, or less time, Teddy McIntosh, and probably Pearson, would arrive and relieve her from duty. She sat motionless on the back of her horse and anxiously awaited their approach. She was growing now a little nervous, for the dead man was unpleasant company. She did not look at him as he lay in the road. She looked persistently over him and to objects far beyond, but she knew he was there, just the same.

Suddenly an incident occurred so surprising in its nature that it gave the young lady quite a shock, though, as a rule, she wasn't an easy girl to shock. As she looked above the tree tops, and strained her ears to catch the sound of approaching horsemen, the dead man suddenly jumped up from the middle of the road and ran away. He ran swiftly and in zig-zag fashion, so that in the misty light it was difficult to get a crack at him; but Miss Bascombe did pull her pistol promptly and drew trigger with little expectation—let us hope—of striking the fugitive. She fired once, she fired twice; she took pretty good aim at the shadowy figure, darting down hill like a rabbit, and fired a third time. Then she lifted her voice—for Sue Bascombe was a queer girl—and gave a shrill yell, all by herself, up there on the hill. The blind beggar, from a position he now deemed secure, replied loudly in broken English and in terms the reverse of complimentary. At this, Miss Sue Bascombe fell into a fit of boisterous laughter, all by herself, up there on the hill.

Pretty soon, under whip and spur, back rode Teddy McIntosh, with Mr. Ran Pearson close behind him.

"Name o' common sense," cried Teddy in great astonishment, "What—what—what's up?" for he had heard, mind you, the pistol shots, the yell and then the laughter.

"Oh, nothing," replied Miss Bascombe. "The dead man has run away, Teddy, that's all."

"Well, I will be—" began Teddy.

"Ahem," interjected Miss Bascombe.

"Confound the luck," cried Teddy, having not yet overcome his astonishment. "The old scoundrel took to his heels, you say?"

"That's what he did," replied the young lady. "And, Teddy, considering the fact that he was blind, lame and a dead man, he ran remarkably well."

McIntosh at this remained silent, having fallen into a sort of brown study.

"And, Teddy," pursued the young lady, "I'm very glad you took his pistol away from him. Otherwise—"

"Otherwise what?" inquired the young gentleman.

"Otherwise," said Miss Bascombe, "I think you would have found a dead girl up here on the hill, and the old scoundrel missing, as he is now."

Then the three sat on their horses in the highway and held a council of war. The conclusion was unanimously reached that the blind beggar was the shifty individual, known to those present as the father of Cross-eyed Jack; and known to Patsy Kinchen's household as "de little ole white man." Sue Bascombe declared she had suspected as much when she shot him, but his subsequent behavior had led her for the moment astray. His motive for being out on the highway was perhaps to notify his confederate, by some agreed signal, that Pearson was on the road to the spot selected for his assassination. When Sue Bascombe came riding rapidly in the night toward Baker Station, he divined her purpose and determined to frustrate her effort to warn Pearson.

"He was frightened away from Crawfish

Cave," said Sue Bascombe, "by a dreadful fight he had there last night in the dark with Pete Kinchen. At least I reckon the place was too lonesome for him after his experience." Then she narrated hurriedly what Pete had told her, thus explaining the fact of her own presence now on the road to Baker Station.

"And I think I can tell you," said Teddy McIntosh, "why the old man was so anxious to put Pearson out of the way, right now. They are going to have a special term of the court down at Coopertown, to try Cross-eyed Jack over again. Nothing would do Palaver but that another hearing should be had right away, and the judge has so ordered. The prisoner has already been taken from Nashville and lodged in the Coopertown jail; and the subpoenas are out for the witnesses in the case. Now it's as plain as the nose on a man's face, that they are bent on murdering Ran Pearson at once to keep him from working up the case for the prosecution, as he did before."

Then the three laid their heads together and fell upon a plan by which they hoped to secure the person of the negro, Alabama Sam, before he could be warned that there was danger for him ahead. This plan, however, failed, for when an hour later a posse reached the spot where he had lain hid, they found abundant evidence of his having been there, but him they discovered not. Miss Sue Bascombe lodged that night at a farmhouse near by; and the next morning she, Mr. Randolph Pearson and Mr. Teddy McIntosh rode, like good friends, as they were, back to their own neighborhood.

CHAPTER XXXIV

A SECOND TRIAL OF THE ANKERSTROM CASE IN THE INFERIOR COURT RESULTS IN A HUNG JURY—LAWYER PALAVER TAKES A DRINK WITH AN AGREEABLE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

ON the very next day an expedition was formed, with Teddy McIntosh at the head, for the more thorough exploration of Crawfish Cave. Everybody knew where the cave was. Everybody knew there was an excellent picnic ground at the wide mouth, and a subterraneous passage extending a good way back, along which young people of frolicksome turn frequently trod with lighted candles. Everybody knew this much, but did not know that good fighting ground and lodging for travelers and stabling for horses,

could all be obtained by ascending the swift current of the stream that filled the dark channel through which it ran to a point above where another smooth, dry passage opened up, affording abundant room for all these purposes. When Pete's tale got abroad—and it was all over the neighborhood by sunrise next morning—a company of adventurous youths was speedily formed to put his marvelous story to the test. Teddy McIntosh elected himself captain of this scouting party, and he soon had at his heels a score or more

of bold followers who were resolved to see for themselves how matters stood along the headwaters of Crawfish Creek. When this party reached the mouth of the cave, they found a mixed and motley crowd assembled there, all eagerly discussing the Kinchen narrative, and all ready to venture forward, but for this or that impediment which at the moment was insuperable.

The McIntosh expedition, being composed in the main of hardy youths, made its way through this promiscuous assemblage and disrobed at the point where the creek came rushing down through its own narrow channel. Each man tied his raiment in a tight bundle, which was fastened securely about his neck, and held in his hand a pistol or repeating rifle, which was to be carried above his head when the advance began. Pete Kinchen had been among those who stood at the mouth of the cave when the scouting party came up. He followed this party back into the interior, and while the members were disrobing made a suggestion which most of them thought valuable.

"If you gen'lemun," said Pete, "wade up dis creek wid lanterns, and makin' a racket, one man kin shoot down fum de upper end and kill ev'y last one of ye."

This proposition being assented to by all present, the lad ventured another suggestion, which was promptly accepted as a sensible one by Captain McIntosh and his brave men.

"I kin wade up dar all by myself in de dark, makin' no more noise dan de water will make splashin' gin de rocks. Ef I don't come back pooty soon you may know I'm waitin' for you on de dry ground whar me and de ole man fit. Ef I does come back, I kin tell you what 'twas dat made me come back."

This manly proposition not only elevated Pete in the estimation of his fellow adventurers, but convinced the most skeptical that the lad had not fabricated when he gave an account of his previous journey along the same route. Alone and in the dark, therefore, Pete Kinchen set out upon his second ascent of the stream, taking this time his raiment with him, to be donned when he should once more set foot upon dry ground. After waiting half an hour without hearing from him, Captain McIntosh concluded he had either been killed outright or had secured a footing in the enemy's country without being assailed, and as the latter supposition was the

most probable, he set forward with his band up the creek.

They proceeded, without serious adventure, single file and in dead silence, till the lantern of the foremost of the party disclosed the lad standing alone on dry ground just ahead of them. He had clothed himself and had advanced cautiously as far as the guest chamber, without discovering any sign of life in the cavern. The exploring party, when this intelligence was imparted, went forward with less apprehension of being resisted, but still with caution, till they became convinced that the recent occupants had vacated their underground abode. They entered the guest chamber and found the ashes of the fire around which Alabama Sam and the little old white man had discussed the murder of Pearson while Pete was eavesdropping in the dark passage without. By close inspection, they even discovered human footprints in the cold embers, left there, doubtless, by the old gentleman in his effort to extinguish the last spark before he vacated the premises, though, as one of the party remarked, there wasn't much danger of setting his house on fire. The floor of this guest chamber has since been damaged by a large fragment of rock that fell from the ceiling above and broke into two or three pieces; but at the time Teddy McIntosh and his band visited the place, it was smooth enough for sure-footed revelers to have danced a cotillion upon.

Continuing their search, the explorers also found, stuck here and there in crannies, a good many empty bottles, a dirty deck of cards, and a well-thumbed copy of "The Life and Adventures of Jack Sheppard," which Mr. Hardrider had generously left for the edification of any future occupant of the cavern, who, like himself, might be of a literary turn. They discovered also, a good way back in the cavern, a locked tin box, containing a ham, a jar of pickles, a few tins of canned goods, several loaves of bread and a quart bottle of whiskey, full and tightly corked. These supplies had undoubtedly been secreted for the accommodation of the robbers, or such of their friends as might find it expedient at any future time to seek shelter in the cavern. About two hundred feet beyond the guest chamber, was the place where the horses had been stabled, though all signs of its having been put to such use had been removed as carefully as possible. One of the

party measured the width of the cavern at this point by stepping across it at the widest place. He found the distance to be a little more than thirteen paces, or, by estimation, about thirty-one feet. The roof at this part of the passage was considerably higher than a man's head.

It is to be hoped the sympathetic reader has not forgotten the little fox terrier that so valiantly chased the robber to his den on the occasion of Pete's first visit, and came to grief thereby. If the reader has overlooked the fact that the brave little creature was still somewhere in the depths of the cavern, he may be sure Pete Kinchen's memory was not so treacherous. The main purpose of the lad in attaching himself to Captain McIntosh's band of explorers, was to make diligent search for his dog and bring him forth, dead or alive. So completely did the thought of his comrade, Jeneral Beauregard, fill the mind of the negro lad, that the entire force advancing into the bowels of the earth took on the character of a relief expedition, and for his own part he did nothing from the time the others joined him in the dry passage but hunt for his dog with lantern and friendly whistle. For a long while his quest was unrewarded, but finally those who were occupied at some distance away heard his glad shout, announcing to the subterranean world that the lost had been found. Presently the glimmer of his lantern was seen, as he made his way rapidly toward them, bearing his faithful four-footed companion in his arms. Not only had he recovered his dog, but he had found him alive, and his great white eyes and glistening teeth proclaimed his unspeakable joy thereat. Jeneral Beauregard, whose sands of life had nearly run out, licked the boy gratefully on the cheek and feebly wagged his stump of a tail, thereby indicating to all intelligent observers that the spirit indeed was willing, but the flesh was weak. There was a deep gash across the back of his neck, where the cruel bullet had plowed its way, and he was so faint from hunger and pain that he could not stand at all upon his legs. They bore him safely to the outer world, and I may say now, to relieve the reader's anxiety, that in due time he recovered his health, and from the moment he began to stir abroad was the observed of all observers wherever he went.

The time was now at hand when the witnesses in the famous Ankerstrom case must

again be gathered together and persuaded or cajoled into going once more to court to testify. It was with absolutely no hope of obtaining a conviction that Pearson devoted himself to this task, but he wished the community to be spared what he thought to be, the disgrace of a public acquittal. It had been part of the plan of the secret order which had condemned the prisoner to intercept the train that bore him from Nashville, and to take him from the custody of the few guards that they supposed would accompany him. This plan, however, had been frustrated by the unexpected withdrawal of the murderer, and his transportation to the jail of the county where his former trial had occurred. Here his case must again be heard by a jury, and for the convenience of his attorneys he was sent down a few days in advance of the time set for his second public trial.

Pearson, as said, entertained no hope of convicting the murderer of Mrs. Bascombe after the most material evidence against him had been eliminated from the case by the decision of the supreme court of the state. The attorney-general, but for the earnest protest of those most interested on the side of the prosecution, would have entered a nolle prosequi and had the prisoner discharged. As it was, he entered into the investigation with the idea that an outrageous crime had been committed which ought to be punished, and which he would make a desperate endeavor to have punished, whether the evidence justified a conviction or not. A cur dog will fight desperately if his friends pat him on the back in advance of the engagement, and the state's officer, who was no cur dog by any means, was aroused to greater zeal in the fight he was now to wage by the fact that a good many excellent people were interested in his success and apparently expected great things of him. 'Twere long to tell of the legal tilts, the sharp thrusts, the keen retorts, the learned arguments, the appeals to passion and sympathy, the bursts of eloquence, the ingenious twisting of testimony, and the other concomitants of an important criminal trial that took up the time of the court for another full week. Suffice it to say that at the end of the struggle the attorney-general was so far successful that the jury failed to agree, and so was discharged without rendering any verdict at all. Ten good and lawful men on their oaths, and with

such testimony as they had before them, were of opinion that a verdict of not guilty should be rendered and the prisoner released from the custody of the law. Two obstinate fellows held out for conviction and the hanging of the prisoner, upon the ground that he had certainly killed old Granny Bascombe, and the fact that his guilt was not clearly proven in court ought not to save his bacon. Our old friend Palaver was furious at the result, the attorney-general was pleased, the prisoner was remanded to jail, and the case continued to the next term of the court.

"My man will be free by the time frost comes next fall," remarked Palaver boastfully, to a crowd at the foot of the steps, when court had adjourned. "There is no evidence to convict him, and there cannot be a second failure of justice. I shall ask to have him admitted to bail as soon as the judge has leisure to consider the matter."

The fact was, Palaver, smarting under defeat, was about to apply for bail as soon as the jury was discharged, but he reflected that he might avail himself of the opportunity the mistrial afforded him to wrest a little more money out of his client. The case had been contested more severely than he expected when he fixed his fee, and all these delays and applications for bail ought to be compensated for by fresh drafts on the pocket of the venerable Olof Ankerstrom, who, Palaver had discovered, though occasionally reduced low, had some mysterious way of replenishing his exchequer. The lawyer, therefore, waited to confer with the old gentleman, whom he had not seen of late, before making to the honorable court a request for bail, which he had every reason to believe would be granted when applied for.

On the evening following the day of the trial, when all the witnesses had gone their separate ways, and other matters had been taken up, Palaver prior to wending his way homeward, had stepped into a saloon near his office to take an invigorating nip, and thus prepare his mind for the restful influence of home. He was standing at the bar, had given his order, and was stirring his glass thoughtfully, when he was accosted in a friendly way by a young gentleman who had entered the saloon, manifestly upon the same business.

"Good evening, Colonel," said the young gentleman, extending his hand as he spoke.

The lawyer raised his head and eyed the

newcomer inquisitively to see if he could remember ever having met him before.

"My name is Galloway," said the young gentleman; "nephew of your old friend Galloway of Nashville. You don't know me, Colonel, but I know you. I am studying law, and hope some day to be able to make such an argument as I heard you make not long ago before the supreme court in the Ankerstrom case. That was a grand argument, Colonel, a grand argument. Everybody said so who heard it."

"It won the case," replied the lawyer complacently. "A good speech, my young friend, is a speech that wins the lawsuit."

"So it is; so it is," said the young gentleman, bowing low to his senior. "There can be no better definition of a good speech than to say, it is one that wins the lawsuit."

"The Colonel makes a good many speeches of that kind," interposed the friendly barkeeper. "The fact is, he don't make any other sort."

The Colonel, manifestly pleased at finding himself held in such high esteem, here pulled an assortment of silver coins from his pocket preparatory to settling his little bill.

"Allow me," said the gracious young gentleman, and he passed to the barkeeper a coin of sufficient denomination to pay for two drinks. The Colonel bowed with dignity, and also with affability. It was a standing rule of his, always to let the other fellow pay for the drinks if he would.

"A good speech, as you say, Colonel," continued the pleasant young gentleman, wiping his mouth, "is a speech that wins the case. Spread-eagle oratory, and that sort of thing counts for little, I imagine, with an intelligent court."

"Not worth a d—n," replied the Colonel.

"It may now," pursued the agreeable young gentleman, "once in a while make some impression on a jury—"

"That's where it comes in," interrupted the Colonel, breaking in on the young gentleman's remark. "You are seeking to qualify yourself for the practice of my profession, and I tell you right now, that buncombe talk goes a long way with a jury."

"Gentlemen," chimed in the barkeeper, whose prophetic soul recognized in this confab a second order of drinks, "walk into the back room. You'll find seats there."

"Don't care if I do," replied the young

gentleman, taking his way into a snug apartment in the rear.

"Only for a few minutes," remarked the Colonel, following the young gentleman's lead.

Here the two gentlemen sat discoursing for the space of ten minutes, or some such matter, when the pleasant youth propounded the following query:

"What remark was that, Colonel, which the governor of North Carolina made to the governor of South Carolina?"

"If his utterance has been correctly reported," replied the Colonel gravely, "he said it was a long time between drinks."

"Ha-ha-ha," laughed the two gentlemen in unison, and in response to a rap upon the table, the barkeeper appeared with two more glasses of liquor.

They sat chatting for another while, and as they rose to go the young gentleman remarked in a confidential manner:

"By the way, I heard a thing the other day, Colonel, that perhaps you ought to know. A friend of mine, a drummer, and a pretty shrewd fellow, has just returned from the Marrowbone Hills, and he said the folks up there were mad as tucker over the decision of the supreme court in the Ankerstrom case. There was a good deal of excited talk, he said, about sending a mob down here to take Ankerstrom out of jail and hang him. There may be nothing at all in the threat—and I don't suppose there is—but I thought I'd let you know how the folks up there were plotting mischief."

"Thank you, Galloway," replied the Colonel. "We have heard all about that, but have not been in the least disturbed by the rumor, because a dozen mobs couldn't break open the jail here and take a prisoner out. To save trouble, however, we're going to send Ankerstrom back to Nashville without delay. We don't want any rash attempts made here that may compel the officers to shed blood."

"I see; I see," replied the pleasant young gentleman. "Well, that course certainly is commendable and merciful. I hope if the mob does come, the jailer will be able to say to them truthfully that the man they seek is no longer in his custody."

"He can certainly say that," replied the Colonel, "unless the mob comes tonight. Tomorrow evening we mean to send Ankerstrom back to Nashville. This, of course, is confidential."

"Of course," said the young gentleman. "Of c-o-u-r-s-e. I see, Colonel, you keep your eyes open all the time."

"Nobody has ever caught me napping yet," replied the Colonel. "In our profession, Galloway, a man *must* keep his eyes open all the time." And the new acquaintances here shook hands cordially and parted with mutual esteem.

As the agreeable young gentleman walked down the street it might have been observed that he bore a marvelous resemblance to our farmer friend, Teddy McIntosh; but we know it could not have been Teddy McIntosh, because the young man had just told Colonel Palaver that his name was Galloway, and that he was studying for the law. When he had reached and turned a corner and, proceeding on his way, had reached and turned another corner, he came upon two other young men who seemingly had been waiting for him. The three stood a-while in close conference, and after they separated one of the number went off by himself and, mounting a horse, set out at a pretty good gait in the direction of the Marrowbone Hills. It was nearly night, but he rode as if he meant to travel a considerable distance before his jaded steed was permitted to enter a stable for rest and food. Mr. Galloway and his remaining friend, having no pressing business on hand, went to a tavern and supped and lodged, and next morning were out upon the streets again.

CHAPTER XXXV

A NOTED INDIVIDUAL SHUFFLES OFF THIS MORTAL COIL, AND LEAVES THE WORLD
NONE THE POORER

LATE in the afternoon following his pleasant confab with Lawyer Palaver, Mr. Galloway, having seen all the sights of the town, concluded to take his departure. He and his friend strolled in a leisurely way to

the depot with the view of taking the north-bound train, and in a few minutes after their arrival an officer came from the jail, having in custody the prisoner, Ankerstrom, who was to be escorted back to Nashville for safe-

keeping. A second officer was along, perhaps merely as company for the first, perhaps to assist in case the prisoner should make an effort to give leg bail.

Before the arrival of the northbound train, Mr. Galloway went out and telegraphed to a friend living on the Nashville road, that two good mules could be bought at Coopertown upon reasonable terms. Perhaps if Colonel Palaver had been present he might have inquired if the young law student was also engaged in the mule trade, but Colonel Palaver was not present, and, consequently, Mr. Galloway was not called upon to answer any questions.

At Guthrie, Kentucky, there was a wait of something more than an hour. At this point, as all well-informed persons know, the St. Louis & Southeastern Road crosses the Louisville & Memphis railroad, and passengers for Nashville from the latter road must change cars. Mr. Galloway and his friend walked up and down the long platform chatting pleasantly and did not seem to mind the delay at all. The officers in charge of Ankerstrom grew somewhat impatient. The St. Louis train was nearly an hour late, and they did not relish the idea of being compelled to postpone their stay at Guthrie. They spoke their minds as freely in the presence of the prisoner as if the latter had been stone deaf or totally unfamiliar with the English language.

"I don't like this here place at all," said the head officer to his assistant, "and I never did like it."

"Me nother," replied the gentleman addressed. "It's a ticklish place for them in our business, and that's a fact."

"It's pretty rough," continued the first, "that an officer can't take a criminal from one place in Tennessee to another place in Tennessee, without having to go out of the state on his road. And it's all the rougher that, while you are out of the state with your man you've got to stop and wait a couple of hours. All sorts of things can happen in two hours."

"Our man might jump and run," replied the assistant, "and we dassn't shoot him, because over here in Kentucky we hain't got him in legal custody."

"I'll put one ball in him if he tries that caper," said the head officer nonchalantly, "though I may get took up the next minute for shootin' inside the town limits. But what I'm afraid of is a habeas corpus. Some Ken-

tucky constable could read a little piece of paper to us right now, and we'd have to give up this scoundrel whether or no. I wonder the lawyers on this side of the line don't work that racket often on Tennessee officers."

"Did you ever know 'em do it?" inquired number two.

"I 'member one time—" began his superior, intending to favor his companion with a chapter from the book of his individual experience.

"Yonder she comes," interrupted the party of the second part, as he observed a thin curl of smoke a mile or so away up the road.

"Now I feel easy," remarked the principal officer. "In ten minutes more we'll be back in Tennessee again, and when I'm in Tennessee I ask no odds of anybody."

Night had set in some time before, and the train made a pretty sight as the cars rolled up to the platform. Johan Ankerstrom was in excellent spirits for so sullen a fellow as he habitually was. He had not cared to make a break from the officers and risk the chances of being shot. He had no need of habeas corpus proceedings in Kentucky, for the outlook in Tennessee was encouraging, and he cherished a reasonable hope of being freed by legal process in that state soon.

When they got aboard the train for Nashville the two officers and their prisoner took the smoking-car, and Mr. Galloway and his friend likewise took the smoking-car. At the various stations along the route people got on and off as usual; only it was noticed that on this occasion a good many more people got on than off. By the time the engine had whistled for the station called "Ridgetop," the smoking-car was nearly full of men, an unusual circumstance.

At Ridgetop a party of young fellows got aboard, who were manifestly resolved to make a night of it, and had already advanced a considerable way in this laudable endeavor. They made as if they would enter the ladies' coach, but the conductor politely invited them into the smoking-car.

The train now began gliding rapidly down the hill. It was considerably behind time, and turned the many short curves in the track with what seemed to be almost reckless rapidity. When something more than half-way down an accident occurred which for the moment promised serious consequences. The train was nearing the dangerous-looking

bridge—built in a semi-circle—when a man suddenly stepped on the track in front and waved a lantern furiously. Others appeared by his side flourishing their hats, and crying aloud, "Stop! Stop! stop!" The engineer, being thus confronted in an alarming manner, reversed his engine, bringing the train at once to a halt and flinging many of the passengers from their seats. The drunken squad, supposing that a promiscuous melee had begun, fell a-fighting among themselves. One flourished a stick and broke a lamp overhead. A second light had been extinguished by the general shock, and only a single lamp remained, which but feebly lit up the car. A great confusion of voices now arose; some calling out to jump from the train, and others crying they were on the bridge, and to leap would be death.

The officer in charge of the prisoner as soon as the shock came was seized from behind by two or more persons and his arms held fast. He called his deputy by name, telling him to hold the prisoner, but the deputy had also been seized in like fashion with himself. Ankerstrom had not been fettered—as the precaution had been deemed unnecessary for so short a journey—and now stood hesitating while the hubbub about him increased. "Run," whispered one to him as he stood uncertain. "Run, you fool." He leaped over the back of the seat and started for the nearest door.

"Catch the prisoner!" cried the officer, who could see him moving in the misty light. "Catch the prisoner! There he goes."

"Catch the prisoner! catch the prisoner!" cried a dozen voices at once; but they helped him on his way.

He twisted in and out among them. He dodged them, supposing he was unknown in the confusion. At first he had seemed almost loth to go, but he redoubled his effort to escape when he heard the officer's cry. Struggling down the aisle, through the surging mass of men, he reached the door. On his left was a small plot of level ground, where stood a number of persons. On his right was a steep declivity, then a patch of scraggy bushes, then a deep, rough hollow. He knew the place well, and when he reached the platform leaped boldly into the darkness on his right. He rolled over and over when he struck the earth, and dashing into the patch of scrubby undergrowth, ran for his life. He cared not that briars and sharp branches

tore his clothing. He understood that to flee down the hill would lead him into the deep, dark hollow where safety lay, and, lowering his head and closing his eyes, he sped with all his might. When he had made furious headway thus for a little space, he ran into the arms of a man. Not of one man only, but of two, three, a dozen, who had him bound and gagged before he fully realized he was in their hands.

Back at the train, the engineer had become satisfied that there was no serious trouble ahead. A handful of excited men had become alarmed over a rumor that one of the rails on the bridge had slipped in its place, and so had rashly signalled the train. The worst of the matter was that the prisoner had escaped. He had darted off during the confusion, and was now at large somewhere out in the bushes. Undoubtedly there was a preconcerted plan to take him from the officer and kill him, but the mob had bungled and let him go, and to catch him again would be no easy matter. Some were ready to declare that the handful of excited men who stopped the train were really part of the mob, but making an assertion is one thing, and bringing proof to substantiate it is another.

Meantime, a considerable band of horsemen wended their way in silence from the scene of the confusion back toward the interior of the Marrowbone Hills. Before the stars had begun to pale another assemblage was gathered about the ashes of the old Bascombe home. It was a solemn assemblage, as might have been noted, if there had been a curious looker on at the moment, and a quiet assemblage, for no word was spoken that could have been heard twenty yards away. Back in the thicket might have been heard the stamping feet of tethered horses, but none of these were visible in the little clearing that marked the spot where the old house had stood. Robed in long black gowns, with black hoods concealing their features, human creatures now stood in this space, as silent and almost as motionless, as the desolate chimneys that still guarded the precincts of the once cheerful home. These figures—about two score in number—were formed in a circle around a large oak tree that grew in the front yard, a few steps away from the door through which the old widow had fled on the night of the murder. It was near the root of this tree—as was shown by her own

statement, and by blood stains upon the earth—that the cruel blow from the ax was delivered.

Now was led forward a horse, upon the back of which sat one pinioned, and with his feet bound together underneath the body of the animal. In the dim light, those who had ever seen him before could not fail to recognize the repulsive features of the murderer, Johan Ankerstrom, known as Cross-eyed Jack. He made no noise as he came into the center of the group, for he had been gagged as well as firmly bound. On each side as he came, walked a figure robed in black and holding him by the arm to make sure that he kept his place on the back of the horse. When they came to the large oak tree, they halted underneath a limb, from which a rope dangled. The loose end of this was quickly tied in a slip-knot about the captive's neck. He made no resistance as this was done, but seemed to be sullenly submitting to his fate.

"Prisoner," now came in solemn tones from one of the figures who stood apart from the others, "your last hour has come. Is there anything you wish to say, before you are made to atone for the death of the good old woman whom you murdered on this spot?"

Then the handkerchief was unloosed from the mouth of the captive, in order that he might have the opportunity to reply.

Cross-eyed Jack glared about him as a tiger might have glared that found itself trapped and begirt with foes. Those who know they are doomed to die nearly always meet the inevitable with outward fortitude. With most base characters, this seeming resolution results only from an utter inability on their part to realize the stupendous fact, that they are about to forsake a stage of existence which has before occupied all their thoughts and pass at once to an unknown and un contemplated beyond. Johan Ankerstrom had never done an act in all his life that could properly establish for him the reputation of being a courageous man. He had been rather a skulking beast of prey, whose instinct had prompted him always to flight, till caught in a situation where flight was impossible. Now as he sat, powerless and hopeless, under the gallows tree, he was resolved to die as a savage would have died who saw no chance of escape or for wreaking vengeance on his foes. If he could not save himself, he could at least

heap imprecations upon his enemies. When his lips were first unsealed, he spluttered out meaningless sounds for a moment, for he was literally choking with rage and blind malice toward those who held him in the hollow of their hands. When he found utterance, he raised his voice to its highest pitch, and screamed out oaths and insulting abuse of the coarsest nature upon his captors. It was horrible to hear the dead silence of the night broken by such wild and blasphemous words, especially when those who listened knew they fell from the lips of a dying man.

To check the torrent of rough language, the chieftain of the group raised his right hand, and at once the handkerchief was replaced in the murderer's mouth and his harsh voice stilled, although for some moments longer hoarse, guttural sounds proceeded from his throat. Then again the principal person of the group spake, addressing the silent creatures around him:

"By sentence of the Ulema, and by the decree of our mystical order, this man has been adjudged worthy of death. Are ye all still convinced it was his hand that smote down at midnight, the good old woman who died on this spot?"

Every cowed figure in the circle bowed low in token of acquiescence.

"Is it still your deliberate judgment that for this grave crime his life should pay the forfeit?"

Again every black-robed figure bowed his head in token of assent.

Then spake the leader for the last time, in tones deep, slow and solemnly impressive: "Let him die the death."

Those on each hand now held the murderer firmly. The bonds that bound his feet together were unloosed and the horse was led from under him. He struggled for a long while in the presence of the sombre figures that composed the circle, but none of these approached him, and no one spake a word. No angry demonstration accompanied the last moments of the criminal on earth. No pitying voice was lifted against his taking off. None gloated over his death agony, as he had done two years before when Sandy Kinchen—near the self-same spot—died innocent of the crime for which he suffered. Long time the body dangled from the tree, and when life was extinct the leader of the band announced to his followers that the sentence of the mys-

tic order had been executed and they might disperse to their several homes.

So died Johan Ankerstrom, murderer, outlaw, anarchist, atheist, human brute. We are told in the Book of Books that of him to whom little is given on this earth little is expected. If so, it may be that when this base creature came to be judged in the wiser world beyond, against his many sins of commission and omission were placed as an offset his scant opportunities in life, his sluggish intellect, his evil associations from childhood, his brutish instincts, which, though he had striven against them, he perhaps lacked the spiritual strength to resist. It may be that when he reached that wiser world beyond, all these things were considered in judging the brutal malefactor; the pros and cons fairly weighed in summing up his earthly career, and a final verdict rendered in his case which tempered stern justice with divine mercy. In human governments, however, those whose duty it is to administer justice cannot afford to inquire too nicely into the remote influences that combine to form the character of the criminal. Society here must protect the peaceable and well-disposed among its members from the cruel and rapacious; the doves from the foxes.

To this end penal statutes are framed, and whenever these statutes are not promptly and rigorously executed the purpose of the law is defeated and society wronged. Undue solicitude for the evildoer removes a wholesome restraint from his class and leaves the better element in a community at the mercy of the worst, so that tenderness for the few is cruelty to the many.

When dawn was nigh those who formed the silent circle separated and went their several ways, leaving the lifeless body of the murderer hanging from the tree. Before the order to disperse was given, the individual

who seemed to be in command advanced and pinned to the malefactor's chest a broad placard containing these words plainly written:

"This man was not hung by an angry mob, nor executed by the sheriff of the county in pursuance of a legal decree.

"HE DIED AT THE HANDS OF
THE K. K. K.

When monstrous crimes are no longer committed, or justice is speedily administered through the courts, this organization will cease to exist.

"TILL THEN LET EVILDOERS
BEWARE."

Underneath were certain mystical characters or hieroglyphics that may have signified a great deal, and may have signified nothing at all.

All day the lifeless body hung, as the lifeless body of Sandy Kinchen had hung in the woods near by about two years before. Curious people came and viewed it and went their way, as they had done when Sandy Kinchen shuffled off this mortal coil beneath the galls tree. The coroner came not nigh, and no jury of inquest assembled to deliberate and report as to the identity of the dead man swinging from the tree or the cause of his taking off. That night the body was lowered by unknown hands and carried off to a lonely place in the woods, where a grave had been dug to receive it. There it was hidden from sight, the earth above it levelled, and leaves and dry branches scattered over the spot, so that the last resting place of the murderer could not be discovered at this day, though one should diligently seek for it.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE PROMPTER RINGS HIS LITTLE BELL, AND THE CURTAIN FALLS

WHATEVER may have been thought and said elsewhere about the hanging of the murderer, Ankerstrom, by the good people of the Marrowbone Hills, it was universally lauded as a meritorious act. The only criticism heard upon it in that section, was that the villain should have been hung long before

he was hung, and that the individuals who finally administered justice in his case waited over-long in the discharge of a plain duty. Still, from the morning when the body of the malefactor was found swinging from a tree, near the lonely chimneys of the old Bascombe place, down to this good hour, the mysteri-

ous brotherhood of the K. K. K. has been regarded as a praiseworthy organization, whose mission it was to set things to rights in a community, where from any cause the times were out of joint. There were, as said, not lacking those who censured the order for proceeding too deliberately, but the most thoughtful part of the community were of opinion that the constitution of the order was wisely framed so as to avoid on the one hand awkward mistakes, and on the other vexatious delay, with probable failure of justice in the end. It was right, said these, to await the decision of the courts, but having demonstrated the utter inability of judge and jury to administer speedy justice in grave cases, it was not to be expected that the Klan in future would waste time in similar experiments. Hereafter, when murder was done, or other flagrant outrage committed, the offender would be run down, his case critically inquired into by the high court of the order, and justice meted out to him in a prompt and business-like way. There would be in the Marrowbone Hills no more hasty action by an incensed mob, such as had brought poor Kinchen to an unmerited end. And there would be, on the other hand, no more dilly-dallying in the courts, such as had come nigh freeing the murderer, Cross-eyed Jack, after two years' weary waiting. The grave problem of crime and its punishment, had been settled by the formation of the efficient secret society known as the K. K. K. Thereafter, rascals of every sort would be apt to give the community a wide berth for fear the hobgoblins of the order would overtake them and bring them to justice, by means of a court speedily organized in the woods, while the innocent would suffer no apprehension of being done to death by an excited mob before inquiry could be made into the charges against them.

So the talk went on; but while a great majority of folk in the hill country thought they had settled a very grave problem, there were not wanting a few restless persons in their midst who hankered after still further reform. These insisted, and are still insisting, that all which could be expected of the K. K. K.—and a good deal more—might be accomplished through regular legal channels, if the legislature would but amend the statute laws under which we live. These are days, they say, of steam traffic, telegraphs

and telephones, and all business methods have been revolutionized to suit the times, but the car of justice creaks along in the same old ruts that it followed when George the Third was king.

At the South especially—insist the carpers above mentioned—the criminal statutes require to be remodeled so as to conform to the needs of the present generation. Here, as a consequence of the Civil war, several millions of negroes have been lifted from servitude to freedom, and while a great majority of these have deported themselves well, many have become criminals and have displayed an especial tendency toward the commission of vile offences against which every instinct of civilized man revolts. Having no longer any masters to control them, and being unable to control themselves, these outlaws are now dangerous foes of society and need to be dealt with in the most summary manner to check their evil propensities. But the laws in most of the Southern states have not been changed to meet this changed condition of affairs. The courts, proceeding according to old methods, cannot be relied on to administer speedy justice, and speedy justice being essential, citizens rise up in cases of extreme provocation and seek to administer it themselves. In so doing, they occasionally make grievous mistakes, and they always set an example of lawless violence which the evil-disposed in their midst are swift to follow. The lawmakers should realize the serious problem they have to deal with and undertake to solve it in a practical way. In every county there should be some official authorized to make prompt investigation when an outrage was committed and to arrest suspected parties. These might have a hearing without delay before a county judicial officer and an intelligent jury, free from excitement or bias. Sufficient time should be given to make the trial fair and complete, but a few days or a few weeks at farthest would suffice for this purpose. Alleged errors of law, arising in the progress of the trial, might be taken at once to the supreme court of the state, and that tribunal in such case should be required to suspend all civil business and dispose of these without delay. If a new trial was ordered, it should be held at once before another jury of intelligent citizens, whose only qualification should be that they were free from bias either for or against the prisoner.

and could give him a fair trial. In two or three months, at farthest, the most hotly contested case could thus be disposed of and punishment openly imposed on the offender if he was adjudged guilty. Whenever in any community speedy and fair investigation could thus be had through the medium of the courts, good citizens would rely on the law as the surest means of suppressing crime, and none but turbulent and disorderly spirits would encourage any attempt on the part of a mob to usurp the province of the courts.

Thus, or in some such fashion, do a few malcontents in the Marrowbone Hills continue to prate, but most of their neighbors poohpooh the idea of effecting a radical reform in criminal procedure by means of a change in the statute law. As well expect, say they, to alter the course of the moon around the earth, as to divert the established judicial chariot from the beaten circuit it has followed for ages. They urge further that the old method of criminal procedure has become now a fixed part of our civil system, and there is great doubt as to whether the body politic could survive the shock, if one of its principal members was thus plucked up violently by the roots.

If the author could be heard to venture a suggestion in so weighty a controversy, he would propose that something in the nature of a compromise be attempted, by which needed reforms might be instituted, and the present well-settled order of things preserved at the same time from serious shock. In the ancient and highly-civilized empire of Japan they had until recently two separate and distinct governments for the people, each in operation, and—as you may say—in full blast at one and the same time. By one of the governments—if the author understands the matter—affairs were conducted according to time-honored precedent, and the administration of justice was hedged about with so many well-established rules and formulas that it was not possible in any case to attain practical results, although the worthy officials were always hammering away at one thing or another. They were the wisest men in all the country, selected for their deep knowledge of old laws and customs and their supposed ability to see further into a millstone than the common run of men. Yet, as has been said, they so mystified their brains poring over musty old books and endeavoring

to construe the utterances of the ancients, that they were unable to accomplish anything at all in the way of business, and in the course of many centuries it came to the point that nobody expected anything at all of them. In this condition of affairs, the Japanese, who are an exceedingly ingenious and resourceful people, instead of overthrowing their deeply revered and helpless government, set up another alongside of it, from which some little might be expected in the way of attaining results. They saw to it that the men chosen to administer this second government were practical fellows, not much learned in the wisdom of the ancients, but having pretty clear ideas as to the pressing needs of their own times. The officials selected under this plan speedily—to use a Japanese phrase—got a move on themselves. They endeavored to dispatch business according to modern methods, and, remembering Lot's wife—if they had ever heard tell of her—avoided the fatal habit of looking backward. The two plans—as the author has always understood—worked well and smoothly together and for a long period of time to the entire satisfaction of the Japanese people. There was no friction and no conflict of jurisdiction between the two governments, as each was entirely separate and distinct from the other, and neither paid the slightest attention to the other. Even when the same matter came up before them for consideration no trouble arose, for the later tribunal would usually have the case settled and off hand before it was called for hearing by the first; and it not infrequently happened, in criminal prosecutions, that learned counselors in the justice halls of the old government would be pleading and interpleading, and entering all sorts of dilatory motions in the case of some noted malefactor who had been beheaded by the new government a dozen or more years before. A plan which worked so well in Japan would probably not be a total failure in Tennessee, and the author suggests that if nothing better can be thought of, the dual, or Japanese system of government might be tried here. And if the suggestion meets with any favor, he would propose to those inclined to regard it kindly, that they investigate closely the constitution and methods of the secret society known as the K. K. K., to see if some ideas cannot be gotten therefrom which would assist in the formation of a new and up-to-

date criminal code, by virtue of which justice would be administered so expeditiously that no excuse would remain anywhere for the exercise of mob law.

Asking pardon for this somewhat wearisome digression, the author begs leave now to make brief mention of some of the characters that have been brought before the reader in the preceding pages, and who, perhaps, now deserve further notice at his hands. As to the worthy gentleman and his friend, Alabama Sam, who were left in the vicinity of Baker's Station, the author knows but little more of their subsequent movements and their present whereabouts than does the reader himself. The morning after the stopping of the train on Paradise Ridge, the Nashville papers gave a full account of the melee incidental thereto and the shrewd escape of the prisoner, Cross-eyed Jack, from both mob and sheriff. On the same day, in the forenoon, Mr. Olof Ankerstrom, who had been previously introduced by Lawyer Palaver, appeared at the counter of the bank where the fee had been deposited, and presented a check for the balance on hand, signed by both himself and the attorney. As the money was deposited to their joint account, and Palaver had paid the old gentleman a high compliment when he introduced him to the cashier, the check was honored without question, and the old gentleman withdrew with thanks. Next day, the whole truth as to the hanging having come out, and the old gentleman not having shown up at the office of his attorney, Palaver walked to the bank and sought to draw the entire fund on his individual check. He considered himself—as he explained to the cashier—legally entitled to this, as the case was ended, and his co-depositor—to the best of his knowledge, information and belief—had absconded. When informed that old gentleman had drawn the entire amount—some three hundred and seventy-five dollars—on the preceding day, his remarks were highly interesting, but as they were not delivered under oath, or in view of immediate dissolution, I do not feel at liberty to repeat them. He claimed loudly that the bank had paid a forged check, and would suffer in consequence; while the cashier, with more moderation, insisted that Palaver had introduced the old gentleman to the bank, had led the bank into the error of reposing confidence in him, and, therefore, Palaver must take the

disastrous consequences resulting from his own rash act. The controversy finally drifted into a lawsuit betwixt the lawyer and the bank, which—a very grave principle being involved—is hanging fire yet, and will probably occupy the attention of the courts for many years to come. Meantime, the old gentleman and his friend, Alabama Sam, have gone their ways to parts unknown, and whether now in the world or out of it, the author of this faithful chronicle cannot say.

Up in that benighted part of the world of which this narrative has been treating, they have a custom of breaking loose into general hilarity about the Christmas time of the year. 'Tis a practice handed down from their ancestors and most religiously observed by the present generation. On Thanksgiving Day, turkeys will be devoured and the request of the president to treat the occasion as a holiday circumspectly obeyed. But they hold, these old-timey back-country folks do, that a divine ordinance is entitled to more consideration than a human ordinance, and that as the blessings of Christianity are incalculable and universally acknowledged, when it comes to celebrating the birth of its Founder, their joy should know no bounds. Consequently all business at this time of the year is suspended and the whole country—without regard to age, sex, color or previous condition of servitude—is given over to frolicking. There is plain fiddling—which in my judgment beats all the classic music that ever was heard—dancing such as would have delighted the heart of King David—and absorption in moderate quantities of spirituous vinous and malt liquors—for which custom the imbibers have, or think they have, the high authority of St. Paul. Thus with a good week's mirth do the dwellers in these benighted parts, as a general rule, see the old year out and the new year in. With Christmas gifts and kindly greetings, and renewed assurances of hearty good will among friends, and burial of old grudges betwixt those who have been at outs, they manage to lay in a stock of cheerfulness and brotherly love at this gracious season that lasts them far into the following year.

On the particular Christmas following the exit of Cross-eyed Jack from the planet, there were two weddings which made the happy season even more enjoyable to the community at large than usual. One of these, as the

astute reader has doubtless surmised, was the uniting in the holy bonds of wedlock of Mr. Bob Lee Templeton and Miss Marie—alias Polly—Habersham. The other, which befell only a night or two later, was the joining together lawfully of our sober friends, Mr. Randolph Pearson and Miss Sue Bascombe. At each of these weddings there was a large attendance, though the former was decidedly the gayest and most stylish affair. The Major was resolved to have all of his friends present upon the occasion, and Mrs. Habersham and the maid, Matilda, were resolved to have everything conducted in the most genteel fashion, and so it happened that the large house was full of people from bottom to top, and it was at the same time a decidedly swell affair. To say that Mr. Bob Lee Templeton did himself proud by his behavior during the ceremony, and that Miss Polly looked sweet enough to eat, is, after all, to say very little, because everybody in the least acquainted with them expected as much in advance. Toward the close of the entertainment, the Major's utterances on the state of the country became louder, more dictatorial and less argumentative, from which it was inferred by such of his hearers as were in condition to judge, that his liquor was getting the best of him. In reaching this conclusion, however, I need not inform the reader that they were entirely mistaken; for whether the Major was unduly elated at having such a fine son-in-law at Mr. Bob Lee Templeton, or whatever else might have induced his noticeable conduct, I am ready to assert on my own responsibility that it was not the stimulating fluid he had imbibed. Saint Peter upon one occasion had the same damaging charge brought against him, and repelled the accusation—as all Bible readers will remember—by reminding his hearers that it was only nine o'clock in the morning, and such an allegation was, therefore, preposterous. This defense at the time seems to have been adjudged satisfactory and sufficient, but I cannot help thinking that both in the case of the Apostle and Major Habersham, the high characters they bore in their respective communities would have been a more effectual reply to a scandalous impeachment than any special plea that could have been offered.

¹ The Pearson-Bascombe nuptials, while largely attended, were conducted in a more

quiet way, and rumor even went to the length of asserting that there were two or three mourners present upon the occasion. One of these, I have no hesitation in saying was Teddy McIntosh. Another, I am equally confident, was not our friend Slowboy, because, though invited, he did not grace the festivities with his presence. Teddy did not look like a mourner, but being of a philosophical turn, contented himself with the reflection that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. He was heard to whisper to two or three of his friends during the evening, when he observed Pearson gazing fondly upon his bride, that that girl could twist anybody around her finger. I may observe in this connection that Miss Sue did so twist Pearson around her finger that he came in time to respect her opinion highly upon all subjects, and after fair trial proved himself to be, what all the neighborhood still regard him, a dutiful, affectionate, and provident husband. Mrs. Pearson seems to be quite fond of him, and advises all her girl friends, when they contemplate matrimony, not to confide their happiness into the keeping of any gay young fellow, but to hook on for life to a pokey old bachelor.

I said just now that Solomon Slowboy was not present at the Pearson-Bascombe nuptials. I will go further and state to the reader that he was not heartbroken over the marriage of Miss Sue, but plucked up a spirit, and even bore with seeming equanimity the merciless guying of his legal friends on the subject. Not a great while afterward it became pretty generally understood that his mother had formed a design to espouse him to a damsel in his own county, who, the story went, after being duly consulted, had consented to the arrangement. The female in question was sharp-visaged and also sharp-tongued, and several years the senior of her intended husband, but possessed in her own right a farm of a few hundred acres, which Slowboy's mother thought could be made a desirable property if duly looked after. Matters were proceeding rapidly to a crisis, and Slowboy had been taken several times by his mother to call on the elect lady, when one of those untoward accidents occurred that will bob up occasionally in this world to disconcert the best laid schemes of mice and men. A young chit of a girl in the town, with meek brown eyes and peachy cheeks, went a-fish-

ing for Slowboy and hooked him, before ever his estimable parent knew she had designs upon him. Late one evening, a marriage license was procured from the county clerk, and before another hour had passed, an obliging minister of the gospel had united the two so firmly that even an irate mother could not unknit the bond. The lawyer and his bride are now living together quite happily, the old lady has been pacified and young Mrs. Slowboy may be seen on nearly every fine evening pacing around the town on Martha Washington, looking as demure and free from guile as if she had never kidnapped a lawyer.

For a good while after the desperate combat in the cavern, Pete Kinchen and his dog were noted characters among the lads and four-footed beasts of the Marrowbone Hills. Young Kinchen again and again escorted parties of curious sightseers into the bowels of the earth, and fought his battles over again on the very spot where he and "de little ole white man" had wrestled in pitch darkness for the mastery. Here against the wall stood Kinchen, deeming himself safe from discovery, when of a sudden the bare palm of the old gentleman was laid confidently upon him. On this spot did he smite the old man valorously with his fists; around and around in this broad space did the two waltz in silence; and on this slippery piece of ground did Kinchen uptrip his adversary, Jeneral Beauregard rendering valuable assistance at the moment by tugging with all his soul at the other leg. Pete Kinchen was not given to many words, but he was made to tell this tale so many times that he could begin at the very beginning and rehearse the thing straight on through to the end without ever a stop.

As usual in such cases, the public was not satisfied with the plain, unvarnished tale delivered by Kinchen, but must needs supplement this with wild tales of the doings of robbers and outlaws in the cavern at other times, and in days preceding the era of the horse-thieves, who had lately evacuated the place. 'Twas said that the famous highwayman, John A. Murrell, at one time had his headquarters in the deep recesses of Crawfish Cave, and had buried some of his stolen treasure there. Others would have it that old Demonbrune, the adventurous Frenchman who ascended the Cumberland river long in advance of the earliest white settlers, had made his dwelling here for a season, and had

left valuables behind which he wished to secrete from hostile savages. These tales being afloat, Crawfish Cave was ransacked as it had never been before. Some parties took rations along and remained underground over night, digging, nosing about, overturning stones, trying to crawl into cracks so narrow that more than one of the adventurers had to be pulled out by his companions. All this, and much more, they did, but while rumors occasionally went abroad of rich "finds," nothing of really great moment was unearthed by the seekers. Undoubted evidences there were that other human beings had waded up Crawfish Creek long before Alabama Sam, Mr. Hardrider, and the old gentleman found the route, but they left no treasure behind, for the very excellent reason no doubt, that they had none to leave. Some bones of a human skeleton were found, and near these were picked up an old rusty knife that had lain disused so long the blades could not be induced to open, and a few horn buttons that still defied the ravages of time. The cave dweller, therefore, who had shuffled off this mortal coil in a place so remote from the haunts of men, was undoubtedly one of the white race, but why he had chosen to live and die in such a darksome abode not even conjecture could determine.

As the author of this faithful chronicle was journeying not many years ago to Nashville, along what is called the Paradise Hill Dirt Pike, in a little broom-sedge patch that skirted the highway he came unexpectedly upon Pete Kinchen and Jeneral Beauregard. The lad had a consequential look about him, as of one who has experienced surprising adventures, and the dog wore a shiny brass collar that did not completely hide an ugly scar on his neck. As he viewed them curiously in passing, the author could not help remarking to himself that he had known many great men swagger and give themselves airs, whose claim to distinction was not so well founded as that of Pete Kinchen, and that many a soldier had received for gallant conduct in battle, a medal not more faithfully earned than that which adorned the neck of Jeneral Beauregard. He bowed respectfully—the author did—in passing, and went upon his way; and from that good hour he has seen no more and can tell nothing further, of the negro lad and his dog.

As swallows fly round and round a chimney-top at close of day, loth to leave the rare at-

mosphere in which they have disported, and sink altogether from the ken of the world, so do the creatures of the author's imagination at the close of his story continue to circle about him, loth to leave the airy realm of fancy in which they have disported and part company with him and the actual world forever. But, having no further excuse for staying he must go, and so he makes now his bow, bidding God bless all the kindly readers of his simple narrative and all the wise folk who will not condescend to read it, which two classes taken together—he does himself the honor to be-

lieve—must embrace a very considerable number of people. To the scornful and the generous he says a hearty goodbye, and ventures in parting to express the hope that they will all journey peacefully hereafter along the highway of life experiencing no more vicissitudes than fall to the common lot of travelers, and reach in good time the confines of that country whose laws—if common report be true—are so wisely planned and efficiently administered that its happy citizens feel no need of such an auxiliary organization as

"THE K. K. K."

WHEN CHRISTMAS CAME

By Charles Townsend

JOHN and Joe were on the battle-ground, and neither would give an inch. From boyhood they had quarreled and made up; but this time it was serious.

And really it began over nothing.

They were Grand Army chums—these two old cronies. They had feasted, starved and bunked together. They had marched and fought side by side from Bull Run to Appomattox, and each was indebted for his life to the matter-of-fact bravery of the other.

Naturally, they disagreed on many points, after the manner of inseparable friends. In boyhood they had reveled in fistic battles—always drawn, for each was of that Spartan mold which never knew defeat. In manhood their fights, though verbal, were equally strenuous, and equally indecisive, for they usually arose over political differences. John had been a Whig, a Free Soiler, a "Know Nothing," and at last a cast-iron Republican. Joe described himself as a "Tom Jefferson-Andy Jackson-true-blue don't-give-a-dum Democrat." Therefore, storm signals were always flying, and every presidential year there was trouble at the corners, although no damage was done save to the English language. But this unlucky row had nothing to do with politics.

It is never safe to correct another's mistakes. If one says that Washington crossed the Delaware in 1492 and that Columbus discovered America in 1776—well, let it go undisputed. A correction in private usually causes some ill feeling: in public it makes no end of a row.

And that's what happened in this case.

One night, at an impromptu spelling match, Joe spelled John down. The word was "tariff," and John put in one "t" too many. Joe spelled it correctly. Of course he exulted over John. That's human nature.

"Allers hollerin' fer trusts an' yer bing blang ol' tariff," he chortled, "an' can't even spell it. Gosh! Better go back t' school 'n in th' infant class too, b' gee!"

"Y' dum'd copper-headed ole dunder-head!" roared John, "I know what I know. I spelt it right. 'Tain't my fault th' book's bein' wrong."

"No, course not, course not," agreed Joe, sweetly. "Ever'body knows there's two er three r's in 'tariff' mostly, cept th' school marm an' me' n' th' dictionarial folks, 'n such like. So I guess you're all right, Johnny. You c'n put two t's in 'cat', an' three g's in 'dog', an' it'll be jes' es near right es yer stand pat tariff fer boodle is."

This was adding insult to injury. John's anger blazed up in a moment. His answer came like a flash; not in words, but in an over-ripe tomato—they were in Joe's garden—which hit the enemy full in the breast and spread like a scandal to the utter dismay of his Sunday suit.

When the battle was over the tomato crop had been gathered, two suits were ruined, and the garden was a howling wilderness. But the victory remained with Joe, for his antagonist had retired under a parting broadside of damaged fruit and disjointed language.

The war was on.

No more roaming afield when the glorious autumn came and the squirrels were barking defiance among the hickories. No more lazy afternoons, duck hunting along the sedgy river. No more trips to the Glimmerglass after pickerel in the cool gray of the morning. For now, when these former old cronies met, each took his own side of the road and hurried past the other without speaking. And when they met by chance at the Corners, where the clans gathered in the combined store and post office, there was no more yarn-spinning between them. They were no longer the old boys of '61. They no longer fought their battles over again, nor told how fields were won.

Worse yet: they got into a legal fight.

John's prize Jersey, with that peculiar, wrath-provoking manner of cattle, succeeded in entering an out-building where Joe's exhibition fruit was stored and destroyed many dollars' worth of the finest before choking her fool self to death. This added fuel to the flame, and they carried the war into court. John sued Joe for the value of his cow; Joe sued John for the lost fruit, trespass, assault and battery, and general depravity! Both men were rich. It was a good thing for the lawyers.

Thanksgiving came, and, for the first time in years, neither shared the other's big turkey. It was a gloomy day for both.

Mutual friends tried to end the quarrel, and made matters worse.

"Let him pay for my cow," said John.

"Let him pay for my fruit," said Joe.

* * * * *

Winter came on early. Before the middle

of December the river was ice-bound, and snow lay deep on all the country roads.

* * * * *

It was Christmas eve. As the dull, short day faded into the gloaming, sleigh loads of merry people went flying past with songs and laughter. Tomorrow the bells would peal the old refrain: "Peace on earth, good will to men." But in the hearts of John and Joe was bitterness mixed with shame. Each was bitter toward the other; and each was ashamed of himself for that bitterness.

The fust Christmas in years," cried Joe, "that I ain't give him nothin'; but now, now! Why, bling it all! I can't even wish him 'Merry Christmas!'"

* * * * *

John's unhappiness was doubled by a keen disappointment. He had driven to the station—a short quarter of a mile away—expecting to meet his daughter and little Hetty—her child—who were coming to spend Christmas at the old home. But they were not there. Instead came a telegram saying that the arrival of unexpected guests had detained them.

"Durn the luck!" growled John. "A big Christmas spread an' nobody but mother an' me t' enjoy it. 'F only Joe—"

Then he stopped. The memory of his defeat at the spelling match; of the garden fight; the lost Jersey and the expensive law suit swept away all his better feelings.

* * * * *

As night came on it began to snow—slowly at first, then faster and faster; a fine, biting, drifting snow. And with the rising wind the cold increased. "It's goin' t' be a reg'lar ole blizzardy Christmas," said Joe.

He stood at the window where he caught an occasional glimpse of the cheery light from John's house across the way.

"'F we hadn't a ben dad ratted fools, 'specially me," he said, "I might a ben there now, er a had him over here."

A great longing filled his lonely heart to go over and make his peace with John; but pride held him back. Did not John open the fight? Did he not fire the first shot? Surely. Then it was John's place to offer the olive branch. And so he fought down his better self.

Yet he was out of sorts; ill at ease. The apples and cider from his spacious cellar were unsatisfying. How good they would have tasted had John been there!

The fast express from the city rumbled by. A little later the engine's quick puffing told him that it had stopped at the station—an unusual proceeding.

"Must be suthin' wrong," said Joe, "fer they wouldn't a' stopped 'nless some big gun was aboard. P'r'aps John's folk's 's come"—for John's son-in-law was a railway magnate who, as John was wont to boast, "didn't have t' pay fare no more 'n a fly on th' car winder!"

"Can't be them, though," concluded Joe, "er he'd a met 'em. Anyhow, th' deepo's locked up long afore this, 'n if anybody's come he'll be wantin' t' put in his best licks n' git somers mighty sudden. Guess I'll go out 'n make sure ever'thin' 's snug fer th' night."

He arrayed himself leisurely in high boots, overcoat and muffler. Then pulling a warm fur cap over his ears, he sallied forth.

The wind was blowing fiercely now, piling the snow into heavy drifts. Joe bowed to the gale and pushed sturdily on through the night.

The way to the out-buildings was beside the high road. Joe had nearly reached the first big barn when his quick ear detected a call for help. He listened intently. The call was repeated, but he could not tell whence it came—it sounded so faint and far away. Wading through the snow, he reached the fence, climbed over and plunged into the highway. There was nobody in sight and no answer came to his repeated hails. But in the certainty that he had heard a call, he fought his way on step by step. The storm and the night made it impossible to see more than a few yards ahead. Thus it was by

mere good fortune, that on reaching a turn in the road, he came upon a dreary little figure half buried in a big drift. It was a child, a little girl, on whom the drowsy hand of the ice king had already fallen. Joe hurriedly folded the child in his strong old arms and slowly fought his way back to the house, where, with the aid of his motherly old housekeeper, the little one was gradually restored.

* * * * *

Christmas morning!

The storm had blown itself out, and the sun rose on a transformed landscape. A great drift was piled up between the two houses, and as John came out to clear the snow away from the gate he was amazed to meet Joe triumphantly plowing his way along with a laughing child in his arms.

"Merry Christmas, John!"

"Merry Christmas, grandpa!" cried the little one. "Uncle Joe found me 'most froze to death in the snow last night; but he thawed me out, he did, and he says I'm your Christmas present."

Well. There was a great time in the old farm house that day. John had to learn how, at the last moment, Hetty had been permitted to venture the trip alone; how, through some blunder, the second telegram had not been received; how Joe had rescued the little one. That was, indeed, a merry, merry Christmas.

As the twilight fell, the re-united old cronies sat smoking their pipes in the big, warm kitchen. They had been silent for a long time. Finally John spoke:

"Joey!"

"Eh? What is it, John?"

"I spelt that cussed word wrong!"

"Shake," said Joe.

The war was over.





OF PRIDE AND THE FALL

SUCH a bright, clean Sunday morning! The streets had been thoroughly washed and scoured by yesterday's rain. The little grass blades that stuck up between the paving stones were glossy as if they had each been polished with a clean dust-rag. The dandelions had had their faces scrubbed as with the best laundry soap, till they shone like the sun. Downy clover blooms fluttered and plumed themselves along the curb border. High up in the sparkling blue sky the clouds, like newly-washed lambs, roamed. The lambs do not skip on Sundays as on week-days,—they "roam." And these cloud-lambs, roaming through fields of azure, shook out their snowy fleece just as Mirabel shook out her freshly-laundered white skirts as she started to walk out with Papa.

Mirabel's white muslin dress was a sea of billowy ruffles. Her Leghorn hat flapped like a sail in the breeze. On the hat waved blue corn-flowers. Her sash was blue. So were her shoes.

Mirabel glanced up at the sky and then down at her shoes. Then she was vividly conscious of her eyes. All such a lovely, lovely, blue!

She stepped daintily, holding her parasol

at a discreet angle to keep off the sun.

No shoulder ride today! Shoulder rides were for children. Mirabel was for the day a young lady.

She even refused Papa's proffered hand. Her hands were both occupied, one in holding her parasol, the other in lifting the edge of her skirt with aristocratic finger-tips.

In order to fully enter into the feelings of Mirabel you must understand that white muslin and leghorn hats were not everyday affairs with her, as they are with some children. On week-days she wore a checked gingham apron dress.

How often had she felt ready to cry when the other girls in her block stared at her gingham dress pityingly, and wondered "why she didn't tell her mamma to dress her in something more decent." Mirabel bravely imitated little Miss Brag on these occasions, eagerly explaining the advantages of a checked gingham apron dress, which was so comfortable to play in, so kind in hiding the dirt, so easily done up, don't you know. She had not read dear Eugene Field's poem about "Little Miss Brag," but she knew intuitively that it was one of the first principles of good breeding to keep up a brave front before the world, and if you were ashamed of your clothes, not to let anybody see it.

However, she was mighty glad to shed that gingham dress when Sunday came. Sunday was the most beautiful day in the week. On Sunday, those other little girls couldn't hold a candle to Mirabel.

With such self-conscious pride, Mirabel paced today by Papa's side. The day, clean as a new pin, was a fitting setting for her ladyship.

They passed a field of nodding, winking daisies. "Come and see! Come and touch! Come and kiss!" they called to Mirabel.

"Don't you want some daisies, Mirabel?" said Papa.

Ah, but daisy-babies' lips are covered with crumbly yellow flour, as if they were always eating cookies, and daisy-babies' fingers leave green stains where they touch your skirt! So Mirabel knew.

"No, I don't want any," she said, quietly, though looking longingly.

"I'll climb over and get you a bunch," said Papa.

From the daisy-field he cried: "Look here, Mirabel! See what I've found!" He held up a kicking hoppy-toad by one leg.

"Ugh!" said Mirabel. "I don't want him."

Papa came forward with the hoppy-toad.

"Don't come near me with that dirty toad!" said Mirabel, backing away.

"Nonsense, he's as clean as you are."

"I don't want to touch him." Mirabel still backed away.

"Mirabel, look out!" cried Papa, springing forward. Too late! Mirabel's last step plunged her backward into the turbulent stream that flooded the gutter. All of the week's dirt which the rain had so carefully washed away was in that stream, hurrying to carry it out of sight.

Papa fished Mirabel out by her sash. But her Leghorn hat with the blue flowers frantically struggling to keep above water, was drowned before her eyes. The billowy ruffles of her dress turned into muddy creeks, which oozed into her grimy shoes. She walked in puddles.

And as she slopped ignominiously home—at a respectful distance from Papa, so as not to soil his new pants—Mirabel wished, ah she wished! that she were a hoppy-toad, and had some small hole wherein she could creep away into the dark.

Leonie Gilmore

LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

FOR THE LITTLE HELPS FOUND SUITED FOR USE IN THIS DEPARTMENT, WE AWARD ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A SUBSCRIBER, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. YOU CAN THEN EITHER EXTEND YOUR OWN TERM OR SEND THE NATIONAL TO A FRIEND. IF YOUR LITTLE HELP DOES NOT APPEAR, IT IS PROBABLY BECAUSE THE SAME IDEA HAS BEEN OFFERED BY SOMEONE ELSE BEFORE YOU. TRY AGAIN. WE DO NOT WANT COOKING RECIPES, UNLESS YOU HAVE ONE FOR A NEW OR UNCOMMON DISH. ENCLOSE A STAMPED AND ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IF YOU WISH US TO RETURN OR ACKNOWLEDGE UNAVAILABLE OFFERINGS.

FOR NURSING MOTHERS

By Mrs. Richardson, St. Louis, Missouri

Glycerine and camphor in equal parts is almost a magical cure for cracked and sore nipples. Where they are not very sore one or two applications will effect a cure.

INEXPENSIVE REMEDY

By A. M., Indiana

An effective remedy for tonsillitis is two grains of bicromate of potash dissolved in an ordinary drinking glass of water used as a gargle every two or three hours.

In case of croup, one-half teaspoonful of this gargle swallowed will loosen the mucous.

TO PAINT CRACKED WALLS

By Mrs. J. M. Dobson, Washington, D. C.

A friend painted her kitchen, filling the cracks with plaster of paris; but the oil dried so quickly over the plaster as to make the cracks show unsightly.

Desiring to paint my kitchen, I appealed to my husband, who is a doctor, for something to fill the cracks so they would not show; telling him of the disappointment of my friend in the use of plaster of paris.

He thought a moment, then took the vinegar cruet, mixed the white wine vinegar with an equal part of water, added plaster of paris enough to make a thick cream, wet the cracks first with the vinegar and water, and then forced in the plaster mixture with a flat stick, wiping away the surplus.

When dry, paint was applied, and not one crack shows in either wall or ceiling of my kitchen.

TO IMPROVE THE DIGESTION

By Miss A. Burke, West Point, Virginia

Prescription to improve the digestion and increase the appetite:—Tincture of Nux Vomica two drams. Tincture of Columbo one ounce. Compound tincture of Gentian three ounces. Dose for an adult, one teaspoonful, to be taken in water before each meal.

A HANDY SOAP-DISH

By C. M. Cornell, Harding, South Dakota

A handy soap-dish can be made by punching fifteen or twenty holes in the bottom of a tin quart cup, in the center so that the suds will not drain out when cup is hung up. Keep cup hung on a nail by the kitchen sink, and pour water through it for dish washing etc., thus saving time, inconvenience and soap.

TO CLEAN AND MIRROR VELVET

By Fannie Siegfried, New York, New York

The mirror velvet which is so much used at times is easily renewed at home. Upon a perfectly smooth ironing board place the velvet, with the pile side up, and cover it with a thin wet cloth. This should be well shaken, to take out the wrinkles caused by wringing it. With a moderately hot iron press the damp cloth, being careful to press in the same direction in which the pile of the velvet runs. When you have gone over the entire surface, smooth the cloth and press directly upon the face of the velvet. Care must be taken not to move the iron a particle except in the one direction. If the pile is long, the pressing may be done as above without the damp cloth. Velvet trimmings, etc., can, by mirroring, be made nearly as fresh as new. To clean velvet, brush it thoroughly to remove the dust, and wash it in gasoline. This is done exactly as one would wash a cotton or linen article in water, by rubbing between the hands. If the velvet is much soiled rinse in clean gasoline. In using gasoline, its explosive nature should always be kept in mind. It should never be handled near a fire or light or even in the same room with either.

A GOOD CEMENT

A cement made by adding a teaspoonful of glycerine to a gill of glue is a great convenience in the kitchen, and is especially good for fastening leather paper, or wood to metal.

KEEP TANSY IN YOUR FURS

Tansy is a sure preventive of moths. If the leaves are sprinkled freely about woollens and furs they will never be moth-eaten.

TO RENEW GILT FRAMES

Gilt frames can be cleaned by wiping them with a small sponge moistened with oil of turpentine. Wet the sponge only just sufficient to take off the dirt and fly marks, then allow the frames to dry themselves.

DUSTING FURNITURE

Dust carved furniture with a new paint brush, which will find the dust in the deepest parts of the work.

KEEPS STOCKINGS "FAST BLACK"

A little vinegar added to rinse water for black stockings will keep them a fast black.

CORN MEAL, A SUBSTITUTE FOR SOAP

By Mrs. W. J. Whitford, Brookfield, New York

If, for any reason, one does not like to use soap on the hands, an excellent substitute may be found in fine granulated corn meal. Moisten the hands, then apply a little meal, rub in well and then rinse off in warm water. This will remove soiled places, will not set stains and will leave the hands free from any of the unpleasant effects of soap.

HOW TO BOIL WATER

By Mrs. Edward Hunt, Oread, New York

In many kinds of sickness, especially among children, boiled water is a necessity. To boil it would seem to be a very simple thing, and yet but few people know how to boil it properly. The secret lies in taking good, fresh water, putting it into a clean kettle already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and taking it right off the stove before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water is in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only, left in the kettle, makes a great many people sick, and is worse than no water at all. Water boiled in this way and flavored with a few drops of lemon juice makes a cool and refreshing drink for little sufferers.

A DELICATE PERFUME

By Mabel C. Daggett, Elmira, New York

A good perfumed toilet soap placed in the bureau, lends a delicate and lasting perfume to underwear and toilet accessories. Its advantages over sachet powders, which lose their scent in a short time, are easily seen. Sandalwood and violet in the same drawer produce a delightful combination.

A GREAT SAVING IN IRONING

After sprinkling, fold your napkins, towels, etc., as you want them to be folded when they are ironed, smoothing them with the hands as you fold them. The ironing will then be much easier.

AN INK ERASER

An ink eraser is not always at hand. Apply your moistened finger to the word to be removed, then use an ordinary pencil eraser. The result will please you.

SALT TO CLEAN MARBLE

Always keep a cup of salt on your lavatory. It is invaluable for cleaning the marble, and something one always has at hand.

NOODLES

By Mrs. J. W. Berkshire, Terre Haute, Illinois

Two-thirds of a cup of thick, sweet cream and milk, taken from the cream jar, one egg, a pinch of salt, one and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and flour enough to make a stiff dough. Roll this out in three thin sheets and rub with flour, and let dry from nine o'clock till noon; then roll up and cut in thin strips a fourth of an inch wide shake, rub and drop in boiling soup, and cook ten minutes without lifting lid.

NOVEL USE FOR NUTMEG GRATER

By Mrs. A. M. Schane, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania

Use a nutmeg grater to remove burnt places in a cake.

CURE FOR APPENDICITIS

By Miss Jennie Brooks, Stafford Springs, Conn

Half a wine-glass of sweet oil (olive oil) taken two or three times a week, is a preventive of appendicitis. A pint taken at two doses, has cured a developed case. Olive oil is also beneficial to persons inclined to pulmonary diseases.

SLIPPING ROSE BUSHES

By Mrs. James Robinson, Greenwood, Indiana

Rose bushes can be easily started for growing by pulling off a slip at the joint and planting in the ground with a little sand. Cover with an inverted glass can. Let remain all winter.

THREADING THE SEWING MACHINE

A machine needle may be threaded much easier if a piece of white material is held back of it.

A CONVENIENT SCREEN

A screen may be made very convenient when bathing and dressing a baby by placing a number of pockets on the inside to contain the necessary articles. The screen is also useful to keep off the draught.

SPACE ECONOMIZER

To economize space in a bedroom, fasten a shelf, holding a bowl, to the inside of a closet door with large braces or brackets. Smaller bracket-shelves may be fastened to the door higher up, to be used for soap dish, shaving mug, etc.

TO CLEAN LAMP CHIMNEYS

By Dora Riddle, Elly, Kentucky

To polish your lamp chimneys so they will simply shine, first, wash in soap suds, rinse and dry. Then use an old newspaper to polish with. You can polish off specks which sometimes form on the chimneys in this way.

SALTING PORK

In salting away your pork, sprinkle it generously with ground black pepper and saltpeter. This will keep it fresh and sweet, and it also keeps any bugs or flies from the pork.

FOR NEW BROOMS

Dip your new brooms in scalding water (soap suds are preferable) and they will last twice as long as ordinarily.

COOKING SOUR FRUIT

Use a pinch of baking soda in cooking sour fruit, and it will not require more than half the ordinary amount of sugar.

A NEW SHOE POLISH

The white of an egg makes an excellent shoe polish for patent or ordinary leather. Clean the shoes of mud, etc., and apply with a cloth. It produces a gloss that would satisfy the most fastidious, renders the leather soft, and prevents cracking.

REMOVES INK STAINS FROM FINGERS

By J. Russell Lyon, Norfolk, Virginia

To remove ink stains from the fingers, dampen the head of an ordinary match and rub briskly on stain.

SMOOTH FLATIRONS

By Miss Jessie R. Lewis, Mohawk, New York

Lard (unsalted) is better than beeswax to make flatirons slip easily. Fold a cloth several thicknesses, put a lump of lard the size of a walnut within the folds and rub the iron over it. Same cloth will last many weeks by folding clean side out and adding more lard when needed.

TO CLEAN KETTLES

Granite kettles or dishes which have been burned no matter how badly, may be cleaned perfectly by filling above burned depth with two parts soft water and one part washing fluid and placing them on stove to simmer lightly one-half hour; when sand soap or wire dish washer will remove it easily. If it does not come off first time, repeat or increase quantity of washing fluid, and in most obstinate cases double the quantity of fluid, let stand in dish a day or more will clean thoroughly. Do not throw solution away. Put in bottle or jar to use for same purpose again.

CLEAN BED CLOTHES

By Mrs. L. G. Kent, Pittsfield, Illinois

If a strip of the material of which a "comforter" is made, eight inches wide, is sewed by hand along each end of it, the "comforter" will last much longer; as this strip can be taken off, washed and replaced, thus insuring cleanliness and longer service.

SAVING TAILOR'S BILLS

The economical helpmate may save tailors' bills by mending the bottoms of her husband's trousers with button-hole stitch.

When they begin to fray out, buttonhole the worn places using a fine needle, fine black silk and taking a short stitch.

They can be turned up later, as the stitching presses out flat if carefully done.

FOR TONSILITIS

By Mrs. Sallie Fowler, Liberty, Alabama

Take equal parts of lamp-oil, spirits of turpentine and camphor. Mix well and mop the throat several times a day.

FOR CROUP

Save the lining of a fowl's gizzard and when dry pulverize and mix with molasses or honey.

A HANDY SOAP-DISH

By C. M. Cornell, Harding, South Dakota

A handy soap-dish can be made by punching fifteen or twenty holes in the bottom of a tin quart cup in such a way that the suds will not drain out when cup is hung up. Keep cup hung on a nail by the kitchen sink, and pour water through it for dish washing, etc., thus saving time inconvenience and soap.

Make a kettle scraper by folding in the edges of a piece of window screen and fastening with fine wire.

TO BEAT EGGS

By W. C. Georgia

If the whites of eggs are chilled before using, they can be beaten twice as well in half the time usually required. A pinch of salt added just before beating prevents the whites from falling, as is sometimes the case when the beaten mass is allowed to stand.

RELIEF FOR INFLAMMATION

By Mrs. W. C. Gorman, Palestine, Texas

In cases of severe inflammation and swelling, tallow if melted and applied hot on a woolen cloth, will give relief and I have known it to cure a case of appendicitis. Should be changed often enough to keep hot.

CURE FOR A COUGH

By Canada

Take a small piece of rosin and crush it fine to the amount of half a teaspoonful; can be taken with any kind of favorite sauce. It will induce sleep and there will be no coughing all night.

CARE OF THE HANDS

By Mrs. H. F. Odell, Corning, Iowa

Ground mustard is excellent to cleanse the hands after having handled strong-smelling substances.

Wash the hands in vinegar after having them in soap-suds and they will be soft and white and not chap.

To remove fruit stains from the hands, wash in clear water, dry slightly and then hold them over a lighted match.

TO KEEP EGGS FRESH

By Mrs. Mabel Williams, Harvard, Illinois

Quite by accident, I discovered that eggs can be kept perfectly fresh for a very long time by placing each one separately in a small paper sack and tying securely to exclude the air.

PRESERVING HINT

By Mrs. Edward McDonald, Norwalk, Ohio

When putting up fruit, roll your jars in hot water before filling them and they will not crack. Fill while still wet and they will be all right.